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THE IRON-CLAD CINCINNATI.

On this page we publish a picture of the iron-clad gun-boat *Cincinnati*, as she appeared before she went into the recent fight at Vicksburg, where she was sunk. Our picture is from a photograph by Lieut. Julius H. Krohl, who writes, under date of 27th May:

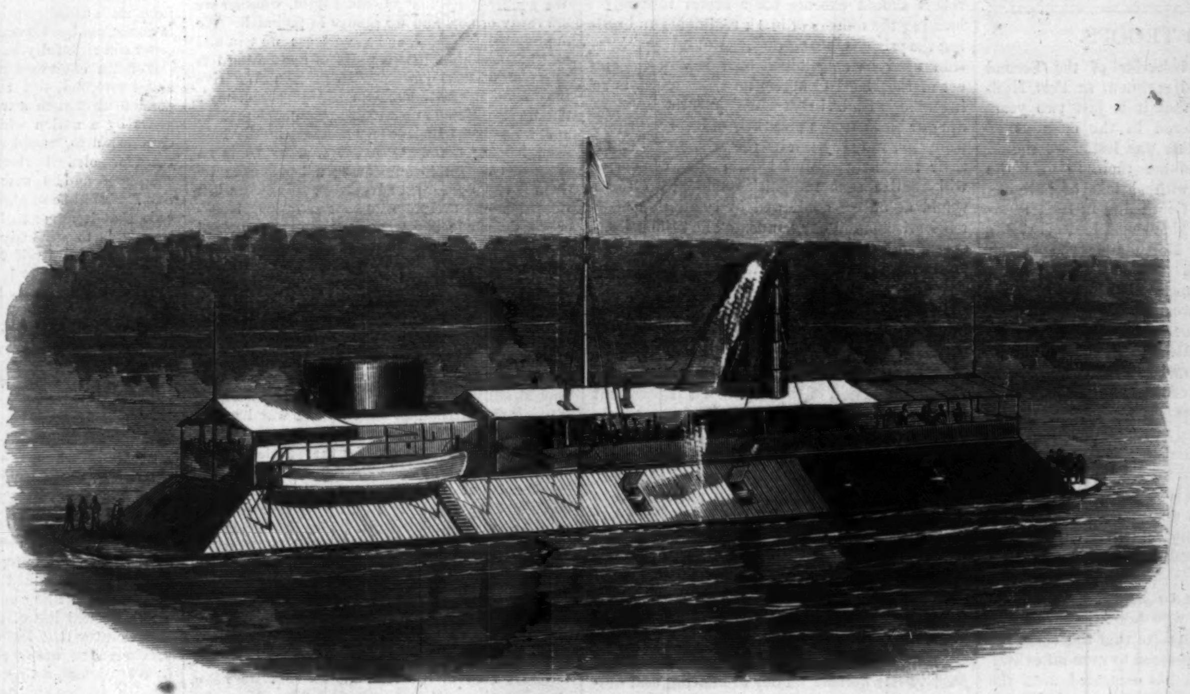
"This morning the so-called iron-clad *Cincinnati*, Lieut. Bache commanding, went down the river to silence a battery on the top of a bluff just above Vicksburg, which could not be silenced by Sherman's artillery.

"She went gallantly into action, rounded the point, and blazed away at the rebel batteries, but the latter were not idle, and all the guns that could be brought to bear—rifled and smooth-bore—opened on her. Her tiller-ropes were shot away, and she got some heavy shot into her sides. The pilot was killed at the wheel, and her commander took his place. All the men at the wheel were wounded, but Lieut. Bache escaped unharmed.

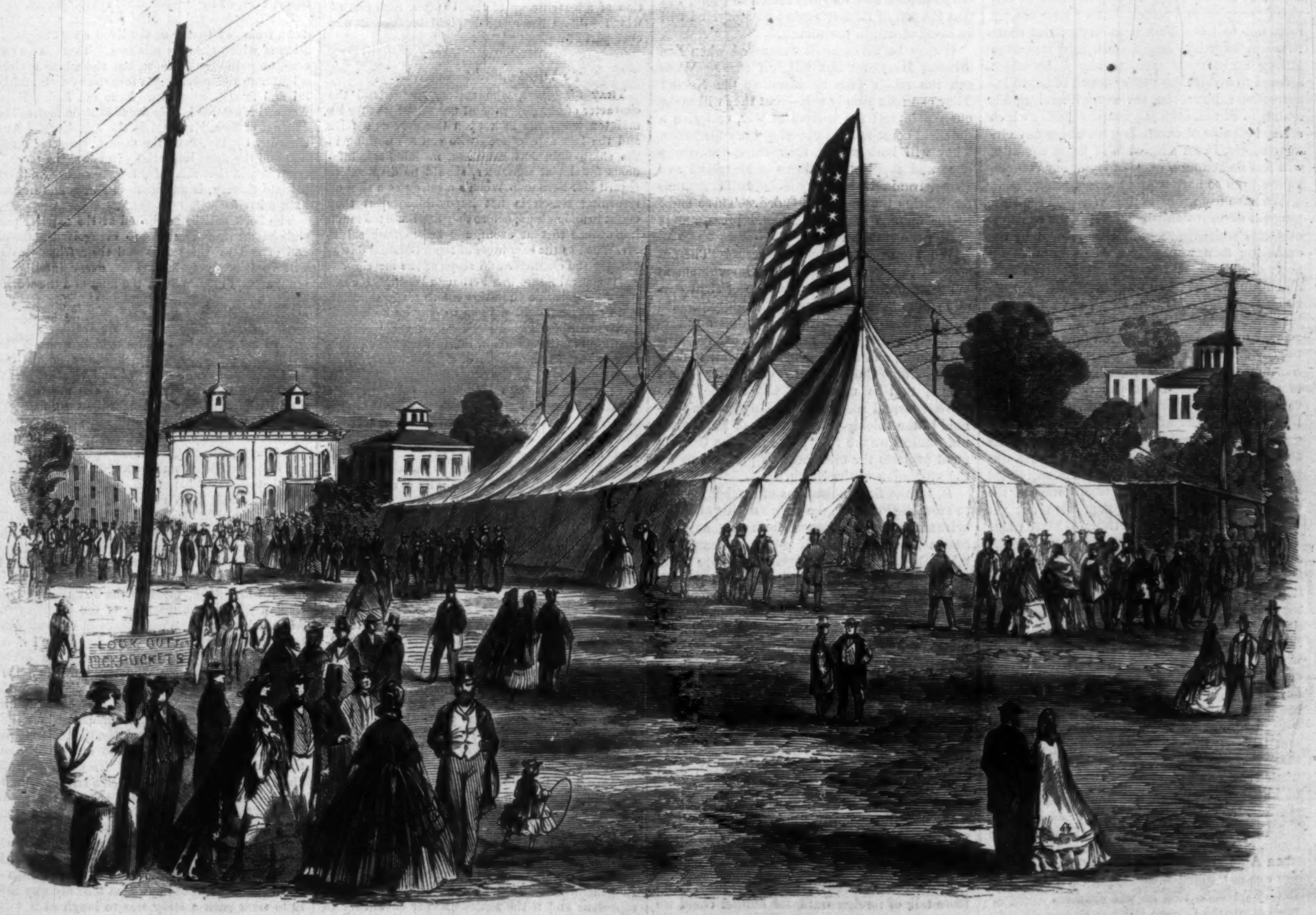
"She started up the river, as she made a great deal of water, rounded again the point of the peninsula opposite Vicksburg, and was struck by a plunging 10-inch smooth-bore or 7-inch rifled shot; she then commenced to sink, and her captain ran her inshore, where she sank to her hammock netting. The officers and crew saved nothing.

"According to the captain the *Cincinnati* lost about thirty men in killed and wounded, and 15 to 20 drowned.

"The *Cincinnati* was one of the Western river-built boats. She had 2½-inch iron plating forward, extending aft to about amidships; the after-part was entirely unprotected. The photograph I send I took yesterday before her after-part was covered with bales of hay. The *Cincinnati* only returned last Sunday from Cairo, where she had been repaired and had a tower for riflemen."



THE IRON-CLAD GUN-BOAT "CINCINNATI," SUNK AT VICKSBURG.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]



THE MONSTER TENT ERECTED AT CHICAGO FOR THE CANAL CONVENTION.—[SEE PAGE 391.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 20, 1863.

TO ADVERTISERS.

Harper's Weekly has a circulation of over One Hundred Thousand Copies, which are scattered over the whole country. Every number is probably read by eight or ten persons, so that advertisements in its pages reach the eye of more individuals than advertisements in any other periodical. It is essentially a home paper, and is found in every country house whose inmates take an interest in the thrilling events of the day. It is not destroyed after being read, as daily papers are, but is kept, and in many cases bound, placed in a library, and referred to from time to time. Advertisers who wish to bring their business to the notice of the public at large, and especially of the householding class, can find no medium so suitable for their purpose as *Harper's Weekly.*

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NEGRO TROOPS.

THE magnificent behavior of the Second Louisiana colored regiment at Port Hudson recalls the fact that it is just two years since a warning, uttered in the columns of this journal, that if this war lasted we should arm the negroes, and use them to fight the rebels, was received with shrieks of indignation, not only at the South and in such semi-neutral States as Maryland and Kentucky, but throughout the loyal North and even in the heart of New England. At that time the bulk of the people of the United States entertained a notion that it was unworthy of a civilized or a Christian nation to use in war soldiers whose skin was not white. How so singular a notion could have originated, and how men should have clung to it in the face of the example of foreign nations and our own experience in the wars of 1776 and 1812, can only be explained by referring to the extraordinary manner in which for forty years slavery had been warping the heart and mind of the American people. A generation of men had grown up in awe of slavery, and in unchristian contempt of the blacks. And that generation declared that it would not have negro soldiers.

It is very cheering to believers in human progress, and to men who honestly admit that the world moves, to perceive that the short period of two years has sufficed to cure an evil of so long standing, and has educated even the hunkerest Democrat of 1861 into a willingness to arm the blacks. In the abstract, of course, it is a matter of small congratulation that we should at last be doing a thing in itself so obviously sensible and proper that we were clearly fools not to have done it at first. But those who remember how deep the antipathy was, even among anti-slavery men, to any thing which seemed to involve the remotest risk of negro insurrection; how even the most liberal minds among us shrank from any course of policy which seemed capable of entangling us, under any circumstances, in an admission of negro equality, will feel no common sense of joy at our emancipation from so narrow and mean a prejudice.

We have from time to time recorded the slow progress of negro enlistments, and the constant obstacles which have been encountered by the far-seeing men who have desired to raise an army of blacks. When General Hunter raised among fugitive slaves the First South Carolina black regiment at Hilton Head, the officers of his corps—being still uneducated to the times—refused to associate with the few brave men who took command of the negroes; and Secretary Stanton—still barely stammering over the A B C of the work—declined to pay them wages because their skins were too dark. Under the iron rule of Butler at New Orleans a black brigade was organized, and so long as that grim soldier held sway discontent at the measure was prudently silent. But when Banks succeeded a mutiny among the white troops warned the General that his Northern men were not yet sufficiently educated to the times to march side by side with negroes. He wisely solved the problem by sending the blacks into garrison, and keeping the whites in the field. One regiment, it seems, he marched against the enemy, and they, we may be sure, will not, after Port Hudson, be again exposed to sneers or insult. At the Southwest negroes began to pour into our lines when Columbus fell, and the rush has never ceased. Yet, until within a few weeks, no use has been made of them. They came in droves, begging us to employ them as soldiers or laborers—as any thing. But our generals, slow to learn that they were excellent fighting material, and that the lesson of the hour was to arm them, treated them as a nuisance; sometimes fed them in idleness, sometimes sent them back to their masters, in a few cases used them as laborers, but never, until recently, put muskets into their hands. It was not till the month of March last, when Adjutant-General Thomas (who two years ago was so "sound"—as the phrase was—on the slavery question that he was even suspected of rebel sympathies) went West at the pressing invitation of General Blair and others, that the necessity was discerned of making soldiers of these fugitives. Since then ten full regiments of negroes have been formed, and are being drilled and equipped. It is now stated that ten more regiments will shortly be organized. Indeed there is no limit to the supply of troops which may be drawn from this source. The valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries could furnish, in the course of a year, an army of 100,000 men—enough to hold the country after we have taken it.

At the North, the work of negro enlistments progresses slowly, partly in consequence of the sparse negro population, and partly owing to obstacles created by politicians. In this State no negro regiment has been formed; it is said to be hard work enough to obtain the sanction of the State authorities to the formation of new white regiments. But Massachusetts has already sent off one full regiment, commanded by Colonel Shaw, and another is in process of formation. And the negroes of the District of Columbia will shortly constitute a brigade, and will apply for active service.

Uneasiness is felt in some quarters lest the rebels should execute their brutal threats of hanging the officers of black regiments and selling the privates into slavery. But no apprehension need be entertained on this score. The act of the Rebel Congress on this subject is so ingeniously framed that while appearing to menace our black troops and their officers with dire penalties, it really remits the whole subject of their treatment to Jeff Davis; who, of course, will realize that indignities offered to them would at once be followed by retaliation upon rebel prisoners in our hands. The 8400 prisoners taken by General Grant at Vicksburg are a pretty fair security for our negro troops.

CARRYING THE WAR INTO THE NORTH.

THE prediction of the Richmond papers that the summer campaign would be fought on Northern soil was no idle threat. For some time past General Stuart has been massing the advance-guard of the rebel army near Culpepper, and on 9th a bloody fight took place between that body and a picked detachment of the Army of the Potomac. Of the result of that encounter we know nothing as yet. But unless Stuart has been utterly overwhelmed and scattered, we may take for granted that even if our side has been successful the invasion of Pennsylvania has only been deferred for a time. The rebels are determined to make us feel "the horrors of war" in our homes. They are daring and desperate; the recent cavalry raids into Virginia and Mississippi show how much may be effected by a band of resolute men; there is every reason to expect, and no good reason to doubt, but that the soil of Pennsylvania and Maryland will be invaded within the month.

It may be asked, as it was asked when Lee invaded Maryland last fall, *cui bono?* What can the rebels gain by invading the North? They can gain simply this—that they will make our people feel the horrors of war, and give a practical point to the Copperhead cry for peace. They will both satisfy their thirst for vengeance and supply the citizens of Maryland and Pennsylvania with pretty substantial grounds for desiring the war to be ended. These ends, in the opinion of the Richmond press, amply justify the enterprise.

What are the prospects of success? The answer to this depends upon the Government at Washington. Because a brigade of swift cavalry was able to ride through the thinly-peopled State of Mississippi without meeting any rebel force, while another brigade contrived, by hard riding and dextrous management, to dash across from Culpepper to Gloucester Court House, that is no reason why a rebel *corps d'armee* should succeed in making good a foothold in the thickly-peopled State of Pennsylvania—unless we are to suppose that the Government neglects the most obvious precautions for the protection of the North.

If, on the first indications of a rebel purpose to cross the Potomac, the entire militia of Pennsylvania and 50,000 men from the adjacent States are called out; if proper measures are taken by competent officers to remove from points of danger, or to protect adequately all dépôts of supplies; if the splendid but somehow amazingly unlucky Army of the Potomac be manœuvred so as to fall upon the rear of the invaders, and cut off effectually their retreat to their base, in this case the invasion of the North would probably prove the end of the South as a pretended nation. If, however, matters are suffered to drift along, and the Government deludes itself into a belief that the rebels are not energetic enough or desperate enough to try to carry the war into Pennsylvania; or that, being in that State, they will not prove most formidable intruders, then it will be well for loyal people to prepare themselves for another season of heart-breaking disaster and disappointment.

It is a very simple matter, and one which should admit of no debate. If we can not keep the rebels out of Pennsylvania, there must be no more talk of foreign wars, for neither could we prevent the English from landing on our coast.

THE LOUNGER.

WHETHER WE ARE WHIPPED.

IT seems that there are some people who think that we are whipped. If we are so, we are all like General Taylor, who never knew when he was beaten. It must be a peculiarity of the American mind, and heart, and pluck that when they are discomfited they can not see it, and push on until they succeed. In one of Thackeray's stories Major O'Gahagan complains that somebody was killed most shockingly out of rule. By all the established precedents it was the adversary who ought to have dropped. In like manner our political O'Gahagans inform us that we are the party which ought to perceive that it is dead; and that our perversity in believing ourselves to be still alive is unpardonable. It is precisely the strain in which John Bull has addressed us from the beginning. "Kicking's no use," sneers honest John; "you are dead as a door-nail, if you only knew it."

That is exactly the point we can not beat into our dull brains. Here we have been fighting for two years. We began without an army, without a navy, with scarcely a dollar, and with no expectation of a fight. The enemy, on the other hand, had been carefully preparing for many years. We suddenly see that we must fight, whether we are ready or not, and we plunge in pell-mell. We are rebuffed, defeated, and victorious; we win and lose battles through two years of fluctuating fortune; but meanwhile we steadily push on. We drive the lines of war further and further into the enemy's territory. We lose no advantage we once secure; and we prevent their own successes in the field from helping them. A battle won by us is an enormous benefit to our cause; a battle won by them is of no practical advantage. Take the last Rappahannock campaign as an illustration. Hooker was defeated; and what have the rebels gained by it? Take the attack on Vicksburg. Suppose Grant retires. We have occupied and destroyed the position at Haines's Bluff, and at Yazoo City we have ruined the rebel hopes that were intrusted to rams and boats, while we hold the Yazoo River itself, flanking the city. We played for a ten-strike indeed, but to score eight counts well in the game. Observe, then, with all our reverses, how steadily we have proceeded in the work of opening the Mississippi River. The war has not been an unvarying, but it has been a persistent and accumulating success for the people against the oligarchy which seeks their ruin.

There is but one thing necessary to the complete success of the people, and that is, that their faith shall be steady and patient. They have taken a great work in hand—a work which by its very nature requires long and undaunted persistence. The gain of its success is incalculable. The shame and ruin of its failure are inconceivable. The work can end only in the victory of the people or of the oligarchy. To make terms with the rebels is to concede that we are whipped, while every intelligent man in the land knows that we have steadily advanced upon the rebellion from the first. To consent to their separation from us is to condemn ourselves to final ruin—to fall from a first-rate sovereign power to the wretched condition of a loose group of small states, each one of which will be the more despised because it was once part of a great nation.

TO THE FOREIGN OBSERVER.

THAT foreigners, who neither understand the character of our government nor of the war for its maintenance—who look upon the first as a folly and the last as a crime—who can see nothing in the sharp fight but causeless, meaningless, infamous fratricidal slaughter, should be disposed to regard Mr. Fernando Wood's meeting as a sign of returning reason is not impossible. But they ought to understand, before they attribute too much importance to that event, and before they salute Mr. Wood as the harbinger of the millennial dawn, exactly the character and scope of the meeting.

Its central figure was Fernando Wood. He is a person who is known in this country, and especially in this State and city, as having escaped legal punishment for swindling through the fortunate operation of the statute of limitations. He is further known as the Mayor of the city who refused to obey the laws of the State in regard to the police; who, when the rebellion was collecting and planting its guns against the laws and loyal citizens, apologized to the rebels that he could not help the stoppage in New York of cannon intended for them; and who, before those cannon had begun their bloody work, suggested to the city of New York to secede from the State. He is still further known as the man who, after the attack upon Sumter, insisted that the Union must be forcibly preserved, and that the executive power should be provided with every means to maintain the popular will. He is the man who at the same time declared that he threw himself entirely into the contest against rebels with all his power and all his might.

Mr. Wood is not a person whose moral or political reputation gives weight to his words or importance to his actions. Singularly calm and guarded, if he chooses, in his expressions, his antecedents infallibly destroy confidence in the purity of his motives. Of a restless ambition, and, by universal reputation, an unscrupulous political manager, he is yet repudiated by the party with which he acts, and fails in every effort to control it. His argument, however apparently calm and cool, is always an appeal to the basest and most malignant passions, and his sole dependence is upon the most ignorant and degraded class of the community, which he flatters and befools. He represents no other body of citizens than the brutal mob of a great city. His name, whether with more or less justice, is synonymous with political corruption. In general estimation he taints every cause he espouses; and if the zealous seeker should try to find in all the free States the most obsequious and servile tool of the radical, prolonged, and perilous effort of the slaveholding faction to ruin this Government, to break every bond of social order, to debauch the national conscience, to extirpate the very instinct of nationality, and destroy the natural love of liberty in the human heart, he would cry *Eureka!* when he found Fernando Wood.

His meeting has only the importance which he gives it. No other person of the least reputation, or of any influence or consideration whatever, was concerned in it. Mr. Wood's speech was calm in tone and fiercely defiant in spirit—a characteristic of the plantation school of politics in which he was bred. He is opposed to war with rebels in Virginia or Mississippi, but he is perfectly ready and willing for war in New York, and he invited the Government to try here what General Burnside tries in his Department. His speech was a plainer and compacter statement of the address and resolutions, and when he had spoken every thing was said.

That Mr. Fernando Wood, being the man that we have described in terms which few, whether of his own party or not, would characterize as unfair, represents the present or future conviction or policy of the American people is a proposition which few but Mr. Wood himself would maintain. To suppose it possible is to suppose that the nation agrees that it is not a nation; that the Union is a form more unsubstantial than a cloud; that there is no national government possible; and that civil order can rightfully have no guarantee.

Foreign observers may think the war foolish and fratricidal, but they can hardly suppose it possible that such a war could be waged for two years by a nation which, under any conceivable circumstances, would accept such propositions as these for political principles. That nation may be conquered, and its government be overthrown. But that it should be so absolutely conquered as to concede that it never had a right to be a nation, is incredible to any body who does not believe that human nature itself has deteriorated upon this continent. The day in which this nation accepts Fernando Wood as its leader, and his tenets as its faith, is the day which seals the destruction of free popular institutions, and inaugurates not the "splendid despotism" for which he frankly pronounces, but a despotism which rivals that of Dahomy in splendor, and that of the Queen of Madagascar in dignity and enlightenment. Such an ignominious fall would be without historical parallel.

JOURNAL OF A RESIDENCE ON A GEORGIAN PLANTATION.

THE Journal of Mrs. Frances Anne Kemble during her residence upon a plantation in Georgia as the wife of the proprietor is in press, and will be immediately issued by Harper & Brothers. It is the most thrilling and remarkable picture of the interior social life of the slaveholding section in this country that has ever been published. Our previous accounts of that life have been derived from outside observers, either sagacious and philosophic travelers and students like Olmsted, or from the English and other foreign tourists who were made to see only what the slaveholders chose; or, again, from the rosy stories told by slaveholders themselves, or by "Southside" sympathizers.

But this Journal of Mrs. Kemble was jotted down from day to day as she lived upon the plantation of which she was mistress. There is no excuse, no palliation of facts, but the whole system is laid bare and quivering before the eye. So faithful and final a witness we have not had. Even *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is only founded upon fact. The Journal of Mrs. Kemble is the fact itself. And thus day by day, from the most unexpected quarters and the most impartial witnesses, the terrible truth is told that this rebellion, to secure and perpetuate slavery, is an insurrection against human nature itself.

The book will be published at the earliest possible moment, and will be as savagely denounced and denied by the rebels and their friends as it will be heartily welcomed by every intelligent, humane, and loyal man in the land and the world.

MR. KINGLAKE.

THE unqualified applause which greeted Mr. Kinglake's history, and which—however justified by the picturesque movement and interest of the work—was rather surprising in the mouths of a people who were represented in the book as hoodwinked by their own Government and outwitted by that of France, is at last interrupted. Not only have the ponderous Quarterlies opened upon him, but the pamphleteers have thrown themselves out as skirmishers, and are picking off his weak points. There threatens to be a Kinglake literature.

Colonel Calthorpe, in a little work upon the Crimean campaign, introduces the historian in the most ludicrous light—so absurd, indeed, that Kinglake has apparently authorized an explanation of the damaging circumstance. The Colonel says that the first notice taken of the historian by Lord Raglan was on the morning of the battle of the Alma, when, seeing a gentleman in extreme difficulties upon the back of a pony, he said, "I never heard a pony make such a row!" and asked, "Does any one know who the gentleman is?" The Colonel answered, "It is Mr. Kinglake, the author of 'Eöthen.'" "Oh!" said his Lordship, "a most charming man." Thereupon, before their very faces, as the Colonel relates, the most charming man was incontinently run away with, and tossed over the pony's head. To complicate the absurdity, the historian, through a friend, actually explains that he got a tumble because the saddle was too large for the pony, who shot saddle and rider over his neck!

If he is once put into the pillory of ridicule it will go hard with the historian. An author so severely satirical can not complain of satire; and a man so keen-witted ought to know that the only way safely to treat such a story was to laugh at it. Sir Francis Head, about as vulnerable an author as could be named, has also attacked Mr. Kinglake, declaring that "the honor" of soldiers and of all who confide in the historian is unsafe in his keeping! This is a tolerably emphatic statement. But it is not at all supported by the extracts we have seen from Sir Francis's pamphlet, the moral of which seems to be, that Mr. Kinglake is a foolish writer of no importance, who ought, therefore, to be prohibited from writing lest England should be involved in war! There may be a great deal of foolish writing in Mr. Kinglake's history, but such a consummate *non sequitur* as that is impossible outside the brains and the books of Sir Francis Head.

Meanwhile the corrections which the author has been constrained to make in his work are few and unimportant; which, under the circumstances of a contemporary history, must be admitted as the most convincing testimony to its general veracity.

CARLYLE.

THE Rev. M. D. Conway, in a letter to the Boston *Commonwealth*, draws the following portrait of Thomas Carlyle:

> "While he engaged Mr. P. in conversation, I had a good opportunity for studying the characteristics of this remarkable man. Tall and almost slender, contrary to my expectations, with a longish head, bent forward from somewhat stooping shoulders, with a magnificent brow overhanging a blue eye that suggests a tenderness which nowhere else appears in his manner or conversation, but which one can imagine were in the ascendent when the Life of Sterling was written; with a short beard and mustache giving an impression of granite on the lower face; with a light and ruddy color which overspread the face with deep flushes during conversation; with a voice which began and gently rose in a moment to a tornado; with a habit of bursting out into loud and almost convulsive laughter, which often ended in a fit of coughing; with nervous movements of fingers and shoulders, hinting strongly of over-study; with a terrible undertone to all these—most of all to the laughter—of pain and grief; Carlyle seemed to me one of the most fearful and fascinating of all the men I have ever seen; and while in his presence I remembered the weird impressions of mingled beauty and awe which I had when journeying through the Mammoth Cave."

THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

THE Western Department of the United States Sanitary Commission have commenced the publication of a small neat double quarto sheet devoted to the sanitary interests of the army. It is full of interest and encouragement.

The war has developed nothing finer than the spirit which originated and which has maintained this Commission. Naturally viewed with jealousy by some military traditions, its triumph has been irresistible because its value is so conspicuous and universal. Plunged into a tremendous war without soldiers, we had to improvise an army. The whole practical talent of the country was bound to conspire for mutual assistance; and the one thing which outside enterprise, sagacity, and benevolence could do, was to undertake, in harmonious alliance with the military authority, the care of the health of the army. The Commission was organized at once. Its management was intrusted to the most skillful hands; and it appealed directly to the pecuniary support by voluntary contributions.

Such was the generous and magnificent response that it has expended more than three hundred thousand dollars in cash, and has distributed hospital stores of the value of millions. At the present time more than three-fourths of all the contributions made by the people for the benefit of the sick and wounded in the army pass through its hands, amounting to more than a thousand dollars in cash and ten thousand articles of clothing and diet expended and issued each day. Of this aggregate about a third of the money and more than half of the stores are distributed in the Western Department; the other two-thirds being expended in the work of the central office and among the armies of the East.

The agents of the Commission are: *First*, General Inspectors, who are medical men marching with the army, watching camps and hospitals, and looking out for the sick and wounded, and supervising the use of stores. *Second*, Special Inspectors, who are medical men making temporary rounds of observation. *Third*, Store-keepers, in charge of Sanitary stores at various points. *Fourth*, Special relief agents, distributing stores, procuring discharges and pay, transportation and pensions, with a general look-out for suffering and want. *Fifth*, Canvassing agents, exploring the home field and promoting and forwarding supplies. *Sixth*, Office clerks, keeping accounts, records, etc. *Seventh*, Messengers, accompanying shipment of stores to prevent delay or loss. In this class there is a large corps of earnest, indefatigable, and effective volunteers.

Such is the scope of this great, practical charity. Every where in the land busy feet and fingers, toiling brains and beating hearts, are at work for it. The mother, the wife, the sister, the daughter, the sweet-heart, can all do their part in the grand labor that exalts while it saves a people. It is the glory of the Commission not only that it has relieved such countless cases of suffering, but that it has shown how the longing heart and eager hand of every home in the country can bring themselves to bear upon the welfare of the soldiers who are fighting for them.

A FRIENDLY VOICE.

Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper is the journal of much the largest circulation in Great Britain. Its issue is 500,000 weekly, and, being sold at a penny, it is the oracle of the working class in England. It is perfectly faithful to the cause of the Government in this country, because it knows that the Government here is the people, and that the success of the rebellion either in compelling us to recognize the independence of the Slave empire, or concede to slavery new privileges as the condition of restoring the Union, would be a fatal blow to the working classes, who are the great mass of the people in every country in the world. It understood perfectly the cry for independence at the South and for peace at the North. It knows that they mean exactly the same thing. And therefore, while so many of the leading London papers seem to suppose that Hooker's defeat secures the overthrow of the Government and the dissolution of this nation, Lloyd's paper says, quietly:

> "It is true, he has to face the entire Confederate army; that he is driven into intrenchments; that his communications are threatened: but he is not annihilated, nor is the Federal cause lost. We will not for one moment question the exaggeration of the position; but we decline to regard the independence of the South as a *fait accompli*, even after these recent Confederate successes. The carnage has been awful; the land has been softened with blood. We shudder as we think of these hosts of armed men, all of one race, shedding each other's blood like water; but the fault is not with the Federals: it was not they who provoked the wicked conflict."

THE LAST BRITISH MUDDLE.

THAT extremely silly gentleman, Mr. Roebuck, has been telling the people in Sheffield, England, precisely what Mr. Fernando Wood told the people in New York—that the Government of the United States was well whipped, and that the gallant, slaveholding rebels, the direct descendants of gallant, liberty-loving Britons, had established their independence.

The speech of the excellent Roebuck, whose malice has the complete advantage of his intelligence and common sense, has as many absurd falsehoods and blunders as it has statements. One only we mention, because it is one persistently repeated by a certain kind of John Bull in this country and in England. Mr. Roebuck says, gravely, that in our Revolution we established the great principle that a people may break up a government whenever it chooses. But the right of revolution, if the good Roebuck would but take the trouble to know what he is talking about, is not the right to refuse to obey the laws; nor did any American statesman, philosopher, or man of common capacity ever assert such a doctrine.

The right of revolution, as defined and exercised by the American people, is the right of any people who are hopelessly oppressed, in a manner for which, after patient effort, there is no legal redress, to right themselves by force. And this right is to be exercised under the moral obligations from which no man and no people are ever free.

In the case of the present conspiracy to extend slavery by the ruin of this Government there is not a shadow of pretense that any such right of revolution is exercised. The whole movement proceeds upon the assumption that it is *not* a revolutionary act, but an act of secession constitutionally competent for every State to exercise.

Then as to the claim which the perceptive Roebuck makes for the rebels, that somehow or other if men who rebel to perpetuate slavery only succeed, slavery will be abolished, he is sufficiently answered—since he is beyond the reach of common sense—by their own assertion that "for Liberty, Equality, Fraternity, we have deliberately substituted Slavery, Subordination, and Government."

The muddle of Roebuck is rather the worst muddle upon our affairs into which John Bull has yet tumbled.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE reported discovery by Captains Speke and Grant of the sources of the Nile, if true, settles one of the most famous geographical problems. The question required only this final step of solution, for previous investigation had pushed the river very near to its source: and in Professor Beke's work upon the Nile and its exploration, published last year, a compact manual of the most interesting information, the probable course of the river is laid down as the recent discoveries have proved it to be.

Thus within a very few years two more of the secrets of the globe have been exposed by human patience and heroism. Nothing seems easier than to find the source of a river. The simple direction would appear to be, go to it. But the fabulous dragons with which the old geographers covered the *terra incognita* upon the maps were truly symbolical of the many and various dangers which threatened explorers. Thus of this last expedition of seventy persons who left Zanzibar upon the Arabian Gulf, to strike inland to the probable course of the river and descend its current to Khartoum, seventeen only are reported as composing the final party. The climate, the savage tribes, the deserts, the marshes, the beasts, starvation, fever, exposure, fatigue—these are some of the enemies with which the explorer has to contend.

One of the most interesting accounts of a journey to discover the source of the Nile is that of Frederick Werne, a German, who went with an expedition sent by Mehemét Ali, the great Pacha of Egypt. But the Pacha's object was less scientific than political and commercial. The expedition reached the river Sorat and then returned. More recently Dr. Knoblecher, Romish Vicar-General at Khartoum, projected a voyage which was bold but not successful. Richard F. Burton, a traveler of fame, who has some remarkable qualities as an explorer, and who has written a compendious book upon the Mormons and their life, undertook the Nile exploration in company, we think, with Speke or Grant, but fell ill and contented himself with sneering at his companion's discoveries. But none of all the explorers, except the last and Burton's expedition, took the African shore of the Arabian Gulf as their base of operations. Yet by Dr. Beke's map of four years ago this was clearly the true point of departure.

In the letter announcing the discovery upon the authority of Captain Speke himself, Sir Roderick J. Murchison says: "The discovery of Speke and Grant, by which the southernmost limit of the basin of the Nile is determined to be four degrees south of the equator, is the most remarkable geographical feat of our age; and is, indeed, an achievement of which all our countrymen may well be proud."

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A SCOTCH minister was once busy catechising his young parishioners before the congregation, when he put the usual first question to a stout girl whose father kept a public house. "What is your name?" No reply. The question having been repeated, the girl replied, "Nane o' your fun, Mr. Minister, ye ken my name weel enough. D'ye no say, when ye come to our house on a night, 'Bet, bring me some ale!'" The congregation, forgetting the sacredness of the place, were in a broad grin, and the parson looked daggers.

The lady who fell back on her dignity came near breaking it; and the man who couldn't stand it any longer, has taken a seat, and is now quite comfortable.

Lord Cockburn, when at the bar, was pleading in a steamboat collision case. The case turned on the fact of one of the vessels carrying no lights, which was the cause of the accident. Cockburn, insisting on this, wound up the argument with this remark, "In fact, gentlemen, had there been more *lights* there would have been more *livers*."

"Porter," asked an old lady, at an Irish railway station, "when does the nine o'clock train leave?" "Sixty minutes past eight, mum," was Mike's reply.

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but he knew that it was a counterfeit, and walked on without picking it up. He told Smithers the story, when the latter said, "Do you know, Diggs, you have committed a very great offense?" "Why, what have I done?" "You have passed a counterfeit note, knowing it to be such," said Smithers, without a smile, and fled.

Why is the letter "o" the most charitable letter?—Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

A romantic young lady fell into a river, and was likely to be drowned; but a preserver accidentally appeared, and she was conveyed in a state of insensibility to her home. When she came to herself she declared she would marry the saver of her life. "Impossible," said her father. "Is he already married, then?" inquired she. "No." "Is he not the young man who lives in our neighborhood?" "No; it is a Newfoundland dog."

A horse-dealer in a provincial town was once elected constable. He was a thrifty well-to-do farrier and blacksmith, and doctored and shod all the horses for twenty miles round. After having been constable for a year or two he took to hard drinking and became poor. Finally, he determined to reform, but found it hard work to quit his drinking habits. One day a man brought a horse to him to be doctored. "The horse seems to be sound," said the man, "but you see he won't drink." "If that's all that ails him," said the farrier, "you have only to elect him constable—he'll drink fast enough then. I've tried it, you see, and know."

A few days ago a little urchin in Westminster saw a shilling lying on the footway. He had no sooner picked it up than it was claimed by a carman. "Your shilling hadn't got a hole in it." "Yes, it had," said the rogue of a carman. "Then this 'un ain't," coolly replied the boy, and walked off triumphantly.

"Pat, do you love your country?" "Yes, yer honor." "What's the best thing about ould Ireland, Pat?" "The whisky, yer honor." "Ah, I see, Pat, with all her faults you love her *still*."

LEARNING AND LAZINESS.—A chap being asked to explain the paradox of how it was possible for so lazy a man to attain so much education, answered—"I didn't—attain—I just heard it—here and—there—and—was too lazy to forget it."

Suwarrow, even in peace, always slept fully armed, boots and all. "When I was lazy," he said, "and wanted to enjoy a comfortable sleep, I usually *took off one spur*."

There is a grocer up town who is said to be so mean that he was seen to catch a fly off his counter, hold him up by the hind legs, and look in the cracks of his feet to see if he hadn't been stealing some of his best sugar.

Dr. Whewell, walking in Mr. Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees. "My dear Sir," replied Mr. Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

What is the best thing to prevent a maid from despairing?—Pairing.

Man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt-button that is always off.

"Man," says Adam Smith, "is an animal that makes bargains. No other animal does this: no dog exchanges bones with another."

A politician was boasting, in a public speech, that he could bring an argument to a p'int as quick as any other man. "You can bring a quart to a pint a good deal quicker," replied an acquaintance.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

Why can we deny that the island where Robinson Crusoe landed was uninhabited?
Because he found a great swell on the beach, and a little cove running up.

Why is the letter D like a squalling child?
Because it makes ma mad.

What letter makes most noise in a dairy?
The letter S, because it makes cream scream.

Why is a lady's complexion like a younger son?
Because it is spoiled by the sun and air (son and heir).

Traverse the world from pole to pole,
You'll find my first esteemed by all;
My second is an occupation
That's useful found in every nation;
Connect the two, and you'll acquire
An author whom we much admire.

Gold-smith.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.

DATES from Vicksburg to 2d describe the siege as being steadily prosecuted by General Grant. No further assaults had been made, but on 29th a heavy artillery fire was opened on the place. One story says that as many as 3600 shells were thrown into the city in an hour. Meanwhile the gun-boats under Porter are said to have silenced the water batteries and the line of batteries above them, with the exception of one. Nothing has been heard of the rebel General Johnston. A telegram of 3d from Memphis says that General Osterhaus is watching Joe Johnston on the west side of Black River bridge with an entire division, ready to intercept his junction with General Pemberton. General Johnston showed himself with a strong force near the bridge on the 1st and 2d inst., but fell back again to Jackson on encountering the fire of our troops.

Another dispatch reports the return of General Blair's expedition through fifty-six miles of country, from the Big Black to the Yazoo, and eleven miles below Yazoo City. Several bridges and a number of grist-mills and cotton-gins, used to grind corn, were destroyed; also a large quantity of cotton belonging to the rebels. The country toward the Yazoo is said to be teeming with agricultural riches. Cattle, sheep, and hogs abound in all directions. Flourishing crops of corn, oats, wheat, and rye are seen on every side. Hundreds of negroes fled from their masters at the approach of our troops, and followed them into our lines.

THE SIEGE OF PORT HUDSON.

General Banks, on 28th ult., had completely invested Port Hudson, and our gun-boats were bombarding the fortifications from the river, while the troops at the same time were using their artillery on the land side.

On 29th an assault was made which was unsuccessful. The Second Louisiana (colored) regiment fought with extraordinary gallantry, losing in killed and wounded 600 out of 900 men.

The latest accounts state that Banks, like Grant, was proceeding slowly to reduce the place by regular approaches; the soldiers were confident of success.

GENERAL BANKS'S LOSSES.

General Banks officially reports the loss in his army up to the 30th ult. to be nearly 1000, including some of his ablest officers. He speaks very highly of the conduct of the negro troops.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN MOTION.

General Hooker on Friday and Saturday pushed a daring reconnoissance across the Rappahannock just below Fredericksburg. Howe's division of the Sixth army corps was selected for the duty, and executed it in the most thorough and effective manner. The first crossing was made in pontoon boats, in the face of a murderous fire from the rebel pickets. The Twenty-sixth New Jersey regiment did this important service in the most gallant style. They were soon followed by several Vermont regiments, and a charge on the rifle-pits resulted in the capture of some sixty or seventy prisoners. The pontoons were then laid by the engineers, and the remainder of the division was crossed over. Our force gradually felt its way out to a position where it remained for the night, and on Saturday morning the reconnoissance was continued. Our skirmishers brought in some thirty other prisoners, during Friday night, making the number captured about one hundred. Our forces are still on the other side of the river.

A FIGHT IN VIRGINIA.

The plans of the enemy for the summer campaign, of which we have recently received numerous hints from the Richmond papers, have been pretty fully unmasked by General Hooker. The most prominent feature in these plans, as is now pretty well understood, is an invasion of the loyal States. This has been seriously interfered with by a counter-movement. The leading cavalry commander of the rebels, J. E. B. Stuart, since the battle of Chancellorsville has been massing, drilling, and supplying a large force of cavalry at or near Brandy Station, five miles south of Culpepper—probably the largest cavalry force ever collected by the rebels, numbering from ten to fifteen thousand. This force was understood to be about ready to move, with the intention of penetrating Maryland and Pennsylvania, and perhaps other Northern States, carrying devastation in its course. General Hooker, however, concluded to effectually interfere with the arrangement, by attacking the rebels before they started. With this view he sent to the vicinity a force of cavalry and artillery equal to that of the rebels, with several thousand picked infantry, and it is supposed that this force reached their destination on 9th. We have a report that a severe fight took place that day, but no particulars are given.

ANOTHER UNION RAID.

A late raid of our troops, with the assistance of three gun-boats, up the Mattapony River into King William County, Virginia, which was directed by General Keyes from Yorktown, has resulted in a decided success. After meeting with some brief resistance from the enemy our troops destroyed a rebel foundry at Aylette, together with several mills, machine-shops, a lumber-yard, and four government warehouses laden with grain. The expedition was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Tevis, and returned to Yorktown on the 6th inst., after accomplishing a very successful result with a trifling loss.

ADMIRAL DU PONT SUPERSEDED.

Admiral Foote has been ordered to supersede Admiral Du Pont in command of the Monitor fleet at Charleston. This change may indicate another move on that city, as it is said that the Navy Department was disappointed that Du Pont did not renew the attack after the last unsuccessful attempt.

THE CASE OF THE CHICAGO "TIMES."

The military order of General Burnside, suppressing the issue of the Chicago *Times*, has been withdrawn by that officer in consequence of the revoking of the same by the President. The soldiers who occupied the office of the *Times* have been withdrawn by General Burnside, and the circulation of the paper within the army lines and elsewhere is henceforth permitted.

INTERCOURSE WITH THE SOUTH.

An order has been issued permitting ladies and children to go to and return from the South, under certain regulations. Those going South can not return until the close of the war, and those coming North must subscribe to the oath of allegiance to the National Government.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

ANOTHER GROWL FROM ROEBUCK.

MR. ROEBUCK, M.P., addressed a large assemblage at Sheffield, England, in support of British mediation or intervention in America. The meeting was convened with the object of urging the propriety of such a step in the Cabinet in London. There were about ten thousand persons present, and the Mayor of the town presided. Mr. Roebuck delivered a lengthy oration, not, however, without some difficulty, for a good many persons in the crowd loudly questioned his statements. Rev. Mr. Hopps moved a resolution in favor of interference, and it was carried by a majority of votes over an amendment recommending a continuance of neutrality.

HONORS TO STONEWALL JACKSON.

A public meeting was to be held in Liverpool on the 3d of June to offer a tribute to the memory of Stonewall Jackson.

POLAND.

THE REBELLION.

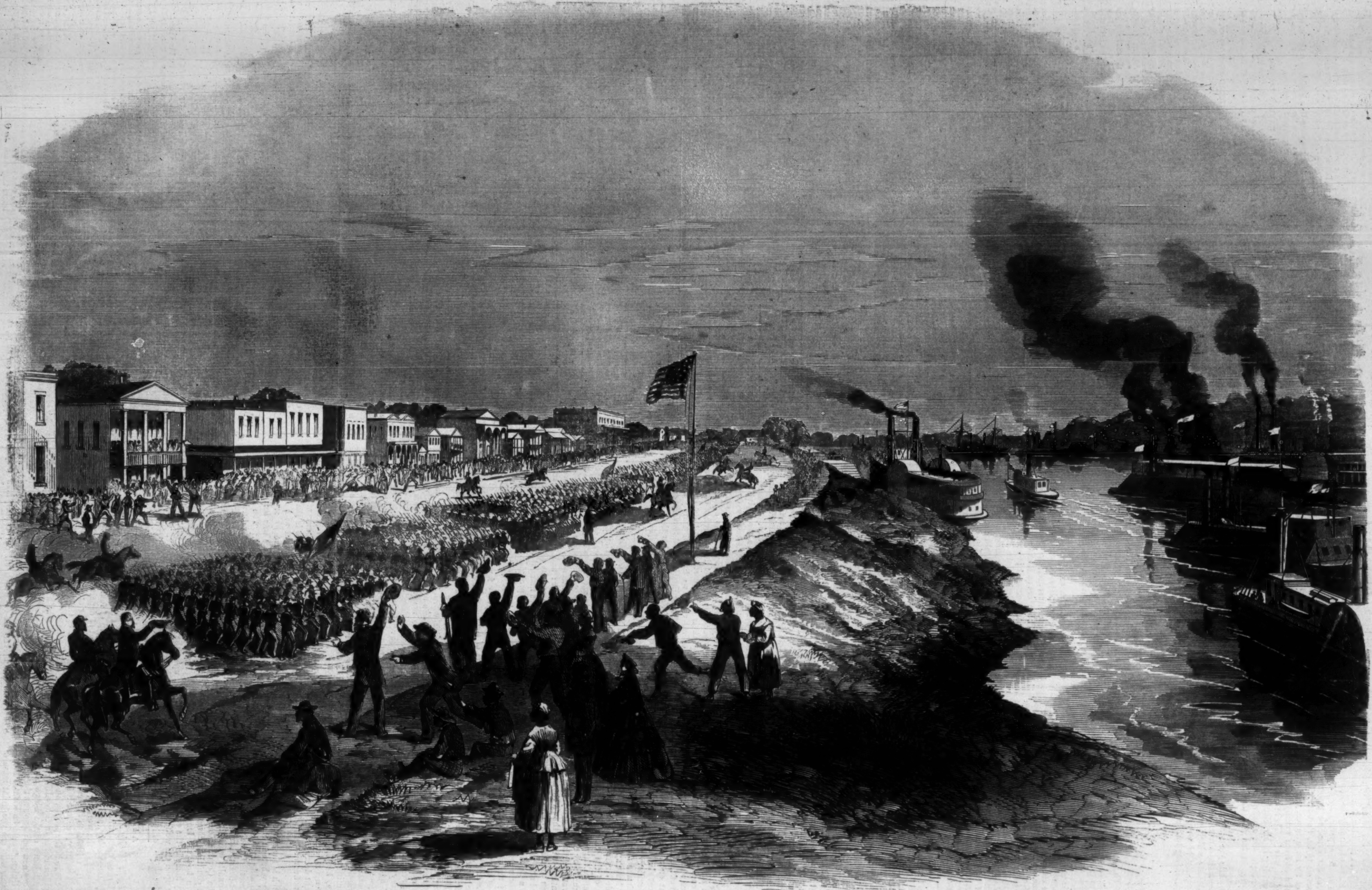
The fighting still continues in Poland, with victory one day on the side of the revolutionists and the next in favor of the Russians. It is said that Earl Russell had taken a very bold diplomatic step, in advance of the Western Allies of England, on the Polish question, having proposed to Russia a plan of peace combining independence for Poland. The proposal is thus stated:

1. The conclusion of an armistice for one year.
2. The Polish fortresses to continue to be garrisoned by the Russian troops.
3. The immediate institution of a Polish administration.
4. No individual implicated in the rebellion to be arrested or brought to trial.

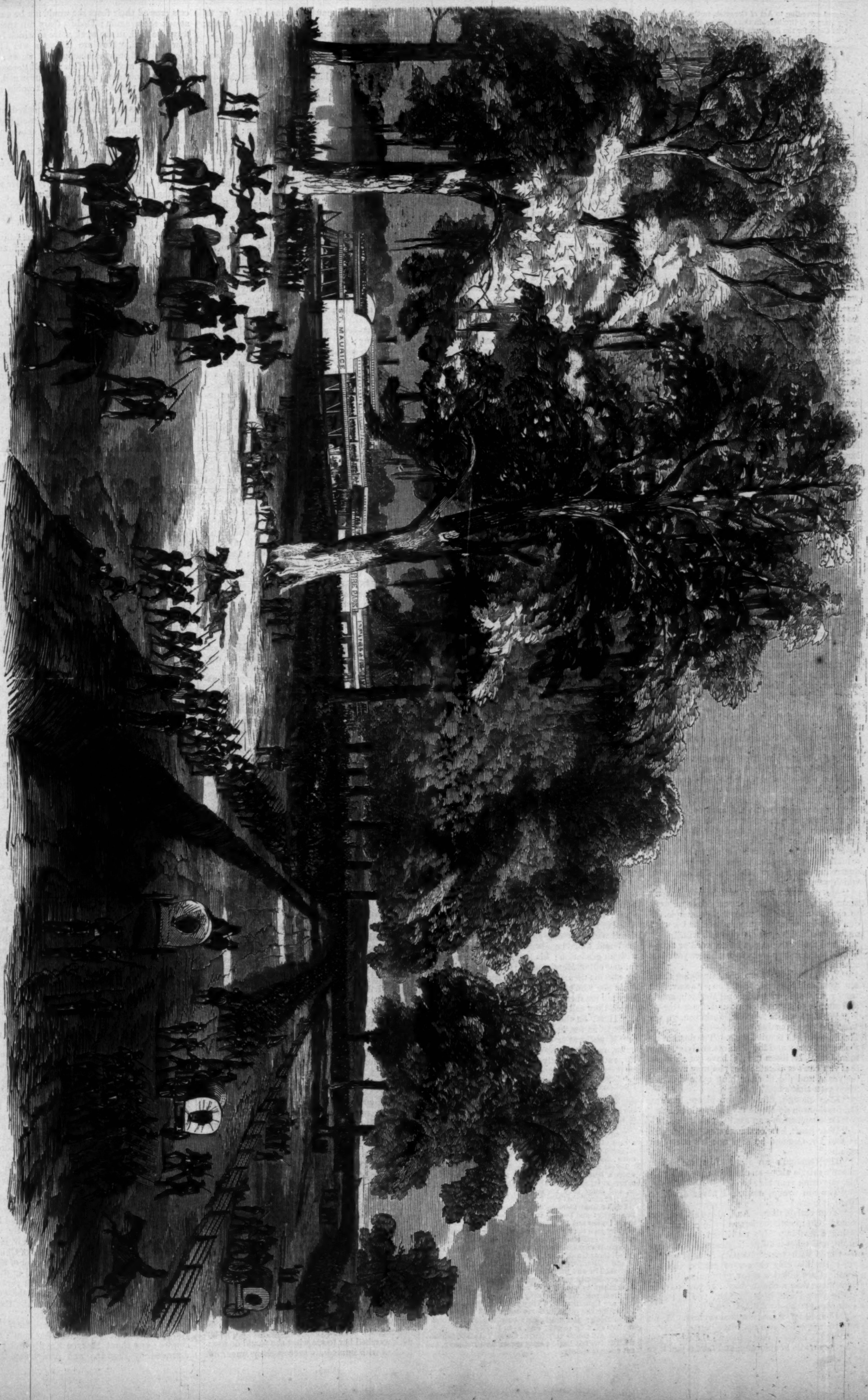
MEXICO.

THE FALL OF PUEBLA.

The report of the capture of Puebla by the French and the surrender of General Ortega's army is true. But the facts which establish this result also bear testimony to the undaunted bravery and unquenchable patriotism of the Mexicans. They only surrendered when starvation compelled them, and even then many of the officers shot themselves rather than become prisoners to the invaders. On the 17th of May General Forey sent a flag of truce to General Ortega, offering to allow the Mexican officers and soldiers to march out, the officers with their side-arms, providing they would give a parole not to serve against the French again. This offer was refused by Gen. Ortega, who meanwhile spiked his cannon, burned his gun-carriages, destroyed the arms of his infantry, and then surrendered his forces as prisoners of war. The advance of the French army is at Cholula, six miles beyond Puebla, on the way to the capital. The Mexicans are making preparations to defend all the approaches to the city of the Montezumas to the utmost of their ability, and it is probable that the French will have a bloody route to travel before they reach the Grand Plaza.



TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF THE ARMY OF MAJOR-GENERAL BANKS INTO ALEXANDRIA, LOUISIANA, MAY 4, 1863.—From a Sketch by Mr. J. R. Hamilton.—[See Page 395.]



DEPARTURE OF GENERAL BANKS'S TROOPS FROM SIMMESPORT, LOUISIANA, FOR PORT HUDSON, MAY 21, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. J. R. HAMILTON.—[SEE PAGE 395.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1863, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

VERY HARD CASH.

By CHARLES READE, Esq.

AUTHOR OF "IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND," ETC.

With Original Illustrations.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER XIV.

In the narrative of home events I skipped a little business, not quite colorless, but irrelevant to the love-passages then on hand. It has, however, a connection with the curious events now converging to a point: so, with the reader's permission, I will place it in logical sequence, disregarding the order of time. The day Dr. Sampson splashed among the ducks, and one of them hid till dinner, the rest were seated at luncheon, when two patients were announced as waiting—Mr. and Mrs. Maxley. Sampson refused to see them, on this ground: "I will not feed and heal." But Mrs. Dodd interceded, and he yielded. "Well, then, show them in here; they are better cracters than pashints." On this, a stout fresh-colored woman, the picture of health, was ushered in, and courtesied all round.

"Well, what is the matter now?" inquired Sampson, rather roughly.

"Be seated, Mrs. Maxley," said Mrs. Dodd, benignly.

"I thank ye kindly, ma'am;" and she sat down. "Doctor, it is that pain."

"Well, don't say 'that pain.' Describe it. Now listen, all of ye; ye're goen to get a clinical lecture."

"If *you* please, ma'am," said the patient, "it takes me here under my left breest, and runs right to my elbow, it do: and bitter bad 'tis while it do last; chokes me, mostly; and I feel as I *must* die: and if I was to move hand or fut, I think I *should* die, that I do."

"Poor woman," said Mrs. Dodd.

"Oh, she isn't dead yet," cried Sampson, cheerfully. "She'll sell addled eggs over all our tombstones: that is to say, if she minds what I bid her. When was your last spasm?"

"No longer agone than yestereen, ma'am; and so I said to my master, 'The doctor he is due to-morrow Sally up at Albion tells me; and—'"

"Whisht! whisht! who cares what you said to Jack, and Jill said to you? What was the cause?"

"The cause! What, of my pain? He says, 'what was the cause?'"

"Ay, the cause. Just obsairve, jintlemen," said Sampson, addressing imaginary students, "how startled they all are if a docker deviates from profissional habits into sceince, and takes the right eend of the stick for once b' asking for the cause."

"The cause was the will of God, I do suppose," said Mrs. Maxley.

"Stuff!" shouted Sampson, angrily. "Then why come to mortal me to cure you?"

Alfred put in his oar. "He does not mean the 'final cause;' he means the 'proximate cause.'"

"My poor dear creature, I baint no Latiner," objected the patient.

Sampson fixed his eyes sternly on the slippery dame. "What I want to know is, had you been running up stairs? or eating fast? or drinking fast? or grizzling over twopence? or quarreling with your husband? Come now, which was it?"

"Me quarrel with my man! We haven't never been disagreeable, not once, since we went to church a pair and came back a couple. I don't say but what we mayn't have had a word or two at odd times, as married folk will."

"And the last time you had a word or two—y' infairnal quibbler—was it just before your last spasm, eh?"

"Well, it might; I am not gainsaying that: but you said quarrel, says you; 'quarrel' it were your word; and I defy all Barkton, gentle and simple, to say as how me and my master—"

"Whisht! whisht! Now, jintlemen, ye see what the great coming sceince—the sceince of Healing—has to contind with. The dox are all fools; but one: and the pashints are lyres, ivery man Jack. N' listen me; y' have got a disease that you can't eradicate; but you may muzzle it for years, and die of something quite different when your time's up."

"Like enough, Sir. If *you* please, ma'am, Dr. Stephenson do blame my indigestion for it."

"Dr. Stephenson's an ass."

"Dear heart, how cantankerous you be. To be sure Dr. Osmond he says no: it's muscular, says he."

"Dr. Osmond's an ijjit! List me! You mustn't grizzle about money; you mustn't gobble, nor drink your beer too fast."

"You are wrong, doctor; I never drink no beer: it costs."

"Your catlap, then. And, above all, no grizzling! Go to church whenever you can without losing a farthing. It's medicinal; soothes the brain, and takes it off worldly cares. And have no words with your husband: or he'll outlive you; it's his only chance of getting the last word. Care killed a cat, a nanimal with eight lives more than a chatter-box. If you worry or excite your brain, little Maxley, you will cook your own goose—by a quick fire."

"Dear heart, these be unked sayings. Won't ye give me nothing to make me better, Sir?"

"No; I never tinker; I go to the root: you may buy a vile of chlorofm, and take a puff if ye feel premonory symps: but a quite brain is your only real chance. Now slope! and send the male screw."

"Anan?"

"Your husband."

"That I will, Sir. Your sarvant, doctor; your sarvant, ma'am; sarvant all the company."

Mrs. Dodd hoped the poor woman had nothing very serious the matter.

"Oh, it is a mortal disease," cried Sampson, as cool as a cucumber. "She has got angina pictoris, or brist-pang, a disorder that admirably eximplifies the pretinsions of midicine t' a sceince." And with this he dashed into monologue, as per margin.*

Maxley's tall gaunt form came slouching in, and traversed the floor, pounding it with heavy nailed boots. He seated himself gravely at Mrs. Dodd's invitation, took a handkerchief out of his hat, wiped his face, and surveyed the company, grand and calm. In James Maxley all was ponderous; his head was huge; his mouth, when it fairly opened, revealed a chasm, and thence issued a voice naturally stentorian by its volume and native vigor. But when the owner of this incarnate bassoon had a mind to say something sagacious, he sank at once from his habitual roar to a sound scarce above a whisper; a contrast mighty comical to hear, though on paper nil.

"Well, what is it, Maxley? Rheumatism again?"

"No, that it ain't," bellowed Maxley, defiantly.

"What then? Come, look sharp."

"Well, then, doctor, I'll tell you. I'm sore troubled—with—a—mouse."

This malady, announced in the tone of a proclamation, and coming after so much solemn preparation, amused the party considerably, although parturient mountains had ere then produced muscipular abortions.

"A mouse!" inquired Sampson, disdainfully. "Where? up your sleeve? Don't come to me: go t' a sawbones and have your arm cut off. I've seen 'em mutilate a pashint for as little."

Maxley said it was not up his sleeve, worse luck.

On this, Alfred hazarded a conjecture. Might it not have gone down his throat? "Took his potato-trap for the pantry-door. Ha! ha!"

"Ay, I hear ye, young man, a laughing at your own sport," said Maxley, winking his eye; "but 'tain't the biggest mouth as catches the most: you sits yander fit to bust: but" (with a roar like a lion) "ye never offers *me* none on't, neither sup nor bit."

At this sudden turn of Mr. Maxley's wit, light and playful as a tap of the old English quarter-staff, they were a little staggered, all but Edward, who laughed and supplied him zealously with sandwiches.

"You're a gentleman, you are," said Maxley, looking full at Sampson and Alfred to point the contradistinction.

Having thus disposed of his satirists, he contemplated the sandwiches with an inquiring and philosophic eye. "Well," said he, after long and thoughtful inspection, "you gentlefolks won't die of hard work; your sarvants must cut the very meat to fit your mouths." And not to fall behind the gentry in a great and useful department of intelligence, he made precisely one mouthful of each sandwich.

Mrs. Dodd was secretly amazed, and taking care not to be noticed by Maxley, said, confidentially, "Monsieur avait bien raison; le souris a passé par là."

The plate cleared, and washed down with a tumbler of port, Maxley resumed, and informed the doctor that the mouse was at this moment in his garden eating his bulbs. "And I be come here to put an end to her, if I've any luck at all."

Sampson told him he needn't trouble. "Nature has put an end to her as long as her body."

Mr. Maxley was puzzled for a moment; then opened his mouth from ear to ear, in a guffaw that made the glasses ring. His humor was perverse: he was wit-proof and fun-proof; but at a feeble jest would sometimes roar like a lion inflated with laughing gas. Laughed he ever so loud and long, he always ended abruptly and without gradation; his laugh was a clean spadeful dug out of Merriment. He resumed his gravity and his theme all in an instant: "White arsenic she won't look at, for I've tried her; but they tell me there's another sweetmeat come up: which they call it strick-nine."

"Hets! let the poor beasty alone. Life's as sweet tit as tus."

"If *you* was a *gardener*, you'd feel for the bulbs, not for the varmin," remonstrated Maxley, rather arrogantly.

"But bein' a man of sceince, I feel for th' higher organization. Mice are a part of Nature; as much as market-gardeners."

"So be stoats; and adders; and doctors."

Sampson appealed: "Jintlemen, here's a pretty pashint: reflects on our lairned profission, and it never cost him a guinea; for the dog never pays."

"Don't let my chaff choke ye, doctor! That warn't meant for *you* altogether. So if *ye have* got a little bit of that ere about you—"

"I'm not a rat-catcher, my man: I don't go with dith in my pocket, like the surgeons that carry a lancet. And if I had Murder in both pockets, you shouldn't get any. Here's a greedy dog! got a thousand pounds in the bank; and grudges his Healer a guinea, and his mousa a stand-up bite."

"Now, who have been a telling you lies?" inquired Maxley, severely. "My missus, for a farthing. I'm not a thousand pound man; I'm a nine hundred pound man: and it's all safe at Hardie's:" here he went from his roar to his whisper, "I don't hold with Lunnon banks; they be like my missus's eggs: all one outside, and the rotten ones only known by breaking. Well (loud) I *be* pretty close, I don't deny it; but (confidentially) my missus beats me. I look twice at a penny; but she looks twice at both sides of a halfpenny before she will let him go: and it's her being so close have raised all this here bobbery; and so I told her; says I, 'Missus.—If you would but leave an end of a dip, or a paring of cheese, about your cupboard, she would bide at home; but you hungers her so, you drives her afield right on atop o' my roots.' 'Oh,' says my missus, 'if *I* was to be as wasteful as *you* be, where should *we* be, some Christmas-day? Every tub on its own bottom,' says she; 'man and wife did ought to keep theirselves *to* theirselves, she to the house, and I to the garden;' 'so be it,' says I, 'and by the same toaken, don't let me catch them "Ns" in my garden again, or I'll spoil their clucking and scratching,' says I, 'for I'll twist their dalled necks: ye've got a yard,' says I, 'and a roost, and likewise a turnpike, you and your poultry: so bide at home the lot; and don't come a scratching o' me!' and with that we had a rip-put; and she took one of her pangs; and then I behooved to knock under; and that is allus the way if ye quarrel with women folk; they are sworn to get the better of ye by hook or by crook, now dooee give me a bit of that ere, to quiet this here, as eats me up by the roots and sets my missus and me by the ears."

"Justum ac tenacem propositi virum," whispered Alfred to Edward.

Sampson told him angrily to go to a certain great personage.

"Not afore my betters," whispered Mr. Maxley, smit with a sudden respect for etiquette. "Won't ye now?"

"I'll see ye hanged first, ye miserly old assassin."

"Then I have nothing to thank *you* for," roared Maxley, and made his adieux, ignoring with marked contempt the false physician who declined to doctor the foe of his domestic peace and crocuses.

"Quite a passage of arms," said Edward.

"Yes," said Mrs. Dodd, "and of bludgeons and things, rather than the polished rapier. What expressions to fall from two highly educated gentlemen! Slope—Potato trap—Sawbones—Catlap—je n' en finirais pas."

She then let them know that she meditated a "dictionary of jargon;" in hopes that its bulk might strike terror into honest citizens, and excite an antijargon league to save the English language, now on the verge of dissolution.

Sampson was pleased with this threat. "Now, that is odd," said he. "Why I am compilin a vocablary myself. I call't th' ass-ass-ins' dickshinary; showing how, by the use of mealy-mouthed an d'exotic phrases, knaves can lead fools by th' ear t' a vilent dith. Fr' instance; if one was to say to John Bull, 'Now I'll cut a great gash in your arm and let your blood run till ye drop down senseless,' he'd take fright, and say, 'Call another time!' So the professional ass-ass-in words it thus; 'I'll bleed you from a large orifice till th' occurrence of syncope.' All right, sis John: he's bled from a lar j'orifice and dies three days after of th' assassin's knife hid in a sheath o' goose grease. But I'll blow the gaff with my dickshinary."

"Meantime *there* is another contribution to mine," said Mrs. Dodd.

And they agreed in the gayety of their hearts to compare their rival Lexicons.

CHAPTER XV.

They got to the wounded captain, and raised him: he revived a little: and, the moment he caught sight of Mr. Sharpe, he clutched him, and cried, "Stunsels!"

"Oh, captain," said Sharpe, "let the ship go, it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous, voice of a wounded man, but eagerly, "STUNSELS! STUNSELS!"

On this, Sharpe gave the command. "Set to-gallant stunsels! All hands set stunsels 'low and aloft!"

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste; but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to: meantime he had himself carried to the poop and laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight with a wet cambric handkerchief, and his pale face turned toward the hostile schooner astern. She had hove to, and was picking up the survivors of her blotted-out consort. The group on the *Agra's* quarter-deck watched her to see what she would do next; flushed with immediate success the younger officers crowed their fears she would not be game to attack them again; Dodd's fears ran the other way: he said, in the weak voice to which he was now reduced, "they are taking a wet blanket aboard; that crew of blackguards we swamped won't want any more of us: it all depends on the pirate captain; if he is not drowned, then blow wind, rise sea: or there's trouble ahead for us."

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib, with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

The *Agra* had, meantime, got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze with studding sails alow and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate had gained half a mile.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight of land; wind and sea rising; and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern.

The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves; the ship only nodding, and firm as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

Another half-hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then, suddenly the wounded captain laid aside his glass, after a long examination, and rose unaided to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment; he shook his fist at the now pitching schooner, and roared, "Good-by! ye Portugeese lubbers, outfought—outmanœuvred—AND OUTSAILED!"

It was a burst of exultation rare for him; he paid for it by sinking faint and helpless into his friend's arms; and the surgeon, returning soon after, insisted on his being taken to his cabin, and kept quite quiet.

As they were carrying him below the pirate captain made the same discovery; that the ship was gaining on him: he bore up directly, and abandoned the chase.

When the now receding pirate was nearly hull down, the sun began to set; Mr. Tickell looked at him, and said, "Hallo! old fellow, what are *you* about? Why it isn't two o'clock!"

The remark was quite honest; he really feared, for a moment, that orb was mistaken and would get himself—and others—into trouble. However, the middy proved to be wrong, and the sun right to a minute. Time flies fast, fighting.

Mrs. Beresford came on deck with brat and poodle: Fred, a destructive child, clapped his hands with glee at the holes in the canvas: Snap toddled about smelling the blood of the slain, and wagging his tail by halves; perplexed. "Well, gentlemen," said Mrs. Beresford, "I hope you have made noise enough over one's head: and what a time you did take to beat that little bit of a thing: Freddy, be quiet; you worry me; where is your bearer? will any body oblige me by finding Ramgolam?"

"I will," said Mr. Tickell, hastily, and ran off for the purpose; but he returned after some time with a long face. No Ramgolam to be found.

Fullalove referred her—with humor-twinkling eye—to Vespasian. "I have a friend here who says he can tell you something about him."

"Can you, my good man?" inquired the lady, turning haughtily toward the negro.

"Iss, Missy," said Vespasian, showing his white teeth in a broad grin, "dis child knows where to find dat ar niggar, widout him been and absquatulated since."

"Then go and fetch him directly."

Vespasian went off with an obedient start.

This annoyed Fullalove; interfered with his system: "Madam," said he, gravely, "would you oblige me by bestowing on my friend a portion of that courtesy with which you favor me, and which becomes you so gracefully?"

"Certainly not;" replied Mrs. Beresford. "Mr. Fullalove, I am out of patience with you: the idea of a sensible intelligent gentleman, like you, calling that creature your friend! and you an American; where they do nothing but whip them from morning till night. Who ever heard of making friends with a black? Now what is the meaning of this? I detest practical jokes." For the stalwart negro had returned, bringing a tall bread bag in his arms: he now set it up before her, remarking, "Dis yar bag white outside, but him nation black inside." To confirm his words, he drew off the bag, and revealed Ramgolam, his black skin powdered with meal. The good-natured negro then blew the flour off his face, and dusted him a bit: the spectators laughed heartily, but Ramgolam never moved a muscle: not a morsel discomposed at what would have made a European miserably ashamed, even in a pantomime, the Caucasian darkey retained all his dignity, while the African one dusted him; but, being dusted, he put on his obsequiousness, stepped forward, joined his palms together to Mrs. Beresford—like medieval knights and modern children at their devotions—and addressed her thus:

"Daughter of light, he who basks in your beams, said to himself, 'The pirates are upon us, those children of blood, whom Sheitan their master, blast for ever! They will ravish the Queen of Sunshine and the ayahs, and throw the sahibs and sailors into the sea; but, bread being the staff of existence, these foxes of the water will not harm it, but keep it for their lawless appetites; therefore Ramgolam, Son of Chittroo, Son of Soonarayan, will put the finger of silence on the lip of discretion, and be bread in the day of adversity: the sons of Sheitan will peradventure return to dry land, and close the eye of watchfulness; then will I emerge like the sun from a cloud; and depart in peace.'"

"Oh, very well;" said Mrs. Beresford, "then you are an abominable egotist, that is all: and a coward: and thank Heaven Freddy and I were defended by English: and Americans, and—

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* *Sampson* (solo). It is the Sternalgia of Baumes, the Diaphragmatic Gout of Darwin, the Asthma Arthriticum of Schmidt, the Syncope Anginosa of Parry, the Cardiogmus cordis sinistri of Sauvages, the Sternocardia of Brera, the Sternodynia Syncopalis of Sluis, and the Pnigophobia of some other sesquipedal dreamer whose name, thank Hivin, I forget.

Notâ bene: not one of these Ansero Græculi ever *cured* a case of Brist-pang. But that is secondary. Scholastic midicine is the sceince of baptizing, and rebaptizing, diseases; and of not curing 'em.

Defeat a school-boy; and he calls you names. Just so, when a Disease defeats the Dox, they fling a lot o' big names at it, and bray in five syllables over their conqueror, and fancy they are crowing. Emeticum; Catharticum; et omne quod exit in um, proeter remedium.

I differ from them in both respex; I call this Disease Brist-pang: and I—cure it. So choose between th' ijjiomatic Docker and th' ijjiotic ones? And how do I cure't? Why by goen to its cause. Brist-pang is a rigorous spasm caused by excitement of the brain acting in various ways, all curable through the brain, and the brain alone. Now sift all those Goose Greek definitions! Is the brain hinted at? Glimmers there one ray of Causation amid all that shallow and partial observation of mere symptoms. In ivery department of thought there are ninety-nine little thinkers to one big one: and the few big ones, differing from each other in many things, all agree in tone; they are Causationists. They call effex effex, and look deeper for the cause, and are *uneasy* till they find it. These think: the ninety-nine only think they think: swallow effex for causes; and, as in Disease effex are numerous, and causes very few, as few as Thinkers, Scholastic Midicine has found twinty names for Brist-pang, and not a single rimedy.

hem!—their friends; and not by Hindoos." She added, charmingly, "This shows me my first words on coming here ought to have been to offer my warmest thanks to the brave men who *have* defended me and my child:" and swept them so queenly a courtesy, that the men's hats and caps flew off in an instant. "Mr. Black," said she, turning with a voice of honey to Vespasian, but aiming obliquely at Fullalove's heart, "*would* you oblige me by kicking that dog a *little*; he is always smelling what does not belong to him; why it is blood; oh!" and she turned pale in a moment.

Sharpe thought some excuse necessary. "You see, ma'am, we haven't had time to clean the decks since."

"It is the blood of men; of the poor fellows who have defended us so nobly!" faltered the lady, trembling visibly.

"Well, ma'am," said Sharpe, still half apologetically, "you know a ship can't fight all day long without an accident or two." He added with nautical simplicity, and love of cleanliness, "However, the deck will be cleaned, and holystoned, to-morrow, long before you turn out."

Mrs. Beresford was too much overcome to explain how much deeper her emotion was than a dislike to stained floors. She turned faint, and on getting the better of that, went down to her cabin crying. Thence issued a royal order that the wounded were to have wine and every luxury they could fancy, without limit or stint; at her expense.

The next day a deep gloom reigned in the ship; the crew were ranged in their Sunday clothes, and bare-headed; a grating was rigged; Sharpe read the burial-service; and the dead, each man sewed up in his hammock with a 32-pound shot, glided off the grating into the sea with a sullen plunge; while their shipmates cried so, that the tears dripped on the deck.

With these regrets for the slain, too violent to last, were mingled a gloomy fear that Death had a heavier blow in store. The surgeon's report of Captain Dodd was most alarming; he had become delirious about midnight; and so continued.

Sharpe commanded the ship; and the rough sailors stepped like cats over that part of the deck, beneath which their unconscious captain lay. If two men met on the quarter-deck, a look of anxious, but not hopeful, inquiry, was sure to pass between them.

Among the constant inquirers was Ramgolam. The grave Hindoo often waylaid the surgeon at the captain's door, to get the first intelligence. This marked sympathy with a hero in extremity was hardly expected from a sage, who at the first note of war's trumpet had vanished in a meal-bag. However, it went down to his credit. One person, however, took a dark view of this innocent circumstance. But then that hostile critic was Vespasian, a rival in matters of tint. He exploded in one of those droll rages darkeys seem liable to: "Massa cunnel," said he, "what for dat yar nigger always prowling about the capn's door? What for he ask so many stupid questions? Dat ole fox arter no good; him heart so black as um skin: dam old niggar!"

Fullalove suggested slyly that a person with a dark skin might have a grateful heart: and the colonel, who dealt little in innuendo, said, "Come, don't you be so hard on jet; you ebony!"

"Bery well, gemmen," replied Vespasian, ceremoniously, and with seeming acquiescence. Then, with sudden ire, "Because Gorammighty make you white, you tink you bery wise without any more trouble. Dat ar niggar am an abommable egotisk."

"Pray what does that mean?" inquired Kenealy, innocently.

"What him mean? what him mean? Yah! yah!"

"Yes. What does it mean?"

"What him mean? Yah! What, dinn't you hear Missy Besford miscall him an abommable egotisk?"

"Yes," said Fullalove, winking to Kenealy; "but we don't know what it means. Do you, Sir?"

"Iss, Sar. Dat ar expression he signify a darned old cuss dat says to dis child, 'My lord Vespasium, take benevolence on your insidious slave, and invest me in a bread bag,' instead of fighting for de ladies like a freenindependum citizen. Now you two go fast asleep, dis child he shut one eye and open de oder bery wide open on dat ar niggar." And with this mysterious threat he stalked away.

His contempt for a black skin, his ebullitions of unexpected ire, his turgid pomposity, and love of long terms, may make the reader smile; but they could hardly amuse his friends just then: every thing that touched upon Dodd was too serious now. The surgeon sat up with him nearly all night: in the day time these two friends sat for hours in his cabin, watching sadly, and silently moistening his burning brow and his parched lips.

At length, one afternoon, there came a crisis, which took an unfavorable turn. Then the surgeon, speaking confidentially to these two stanch friends, inquired if they had asked themselves what should be done with the body? "Why I ask," said he, "we are in a very hot latitude; and, if you wish to convey it to Barkington, the measures ought to be taken in time: in fact, within an hour or two after death."

The poor friends were shocked and sickened by this horrible piece of foresight. But Colonel Kenealy said, with tears in his eyes, that his old friend should never be buried like a kitten.

"Then you had better ask Sharpe to give me an order for a barrel of spirits," said the surgeon.

"Yes, yes, for two if you like. Oh don't die, Dodd, my poor old fellow. How shall I ever face his wife—I remember her, the loveliest girl you ever saw—with such a tale as this? She will think it a cruel thing I should come out of it without a scratch, and a ten times better man to be dead: and so it is; it is cruel, it is unjust, it is monstrous; him to be lying there, and we muffs to be sitting croaking over him and watching for his last breath like three cursed old ravens." And the stout colonel groaned aloud.

When the surgeon left them they fell naturally upon another topic: the pledge they had given Dodd about the £14,000. They ascertained it was upon him: next his skin: but it seemed as unnecessary as it was repugnant to remove it from his living person. They agreed, however, that instantly on his decease they would take possession of it, note the particulars, seal it up, and carry it to Mrs. Dodd, with such comfort as they could hope to give her by relating the gallant act in which his precious life was lost.

At nine P.M. the surgeon took his place by Dodd's bedside; and the pair, whom one thing after another had drawn so close together, retired to Kenealy's cabin.

Many a merry chat they had had there: and many a gasconade; being rival hunters: but now they were together for physical companionship in sorrow, rather than for conversation. They smoked their cigars in moody silence; and at midnight shook hands with a sigh, and parted. That sigh meant to say that in the morning all would be over.

They turned in. but, ere either of them was asleep, suddenly the captain's cabin seemed to fill with roars and shrieks of wild beasts, that made the whole ship ring in the silent night; the savage cries were answered on deck by shouts of dismay and many pattering feet making for the companion ladder: but the nearest persons to the cabin, and the first to reach it, were Kenealy and Fullalove, who burst in, the former with a drawn sword, the latter with a revolver, both in their night gowns; and there saw a sight that took their breath away.

The surgeon was not there: and two black men, one with a knife, and one with his bare claws, were fighting, and struggling, and trampling all over the cabin at once, and the dying man sitting up in his cot, pale, and glaring at them.

HAXA BELL.

SOMETIMES I take from the post-office a scanty news-sheet sent from New England to Illinois. It brings me the tansy and sweet-brier flavor of life in the rough little town where lives its sender, my cousin. This cousin (he is much my senior) once baited me for a winter's entrapment among his hills by impressive declamation concerning "school-keepin' which'll 'ford ye prime pay in grit, patience—Job's kind—squints at human nature, cider, girls, and dough-nuts." I was then a college-boy, vacation-free, and in a freak of adventure gulped the bait. When through with my winter's work I tucked it away among my experience-records, labeled *quantum sufficit.*

And this is how I come to know my cousin, and why he sends me the paper, and I read it, particularly the death and marriage record, and so write what is coming; for last night I read this:

"In Bleakburn, on the 6th inst., Haxa Bell, aged 20."

It is four years since I taught there, and Haxa was the eldest girl in school. She had such a bleak time of it in life, and doubtless left behind such cold scarcity of friends, I have thought it would be a kind thing to heap a little mound for her, warm from this pitying retrospect which I throw over it for green turf, and bright with the starry hopes I would plant there for June's sweet blue-eyed grass.

We go to see fretted, harassed creatures in the stenched circle of the menagerie—the worn tiger, the demented lion—and go feelingless away to forget the forlorn craving of eye, the begging droop of body. In the street every day we pass caged, nipped souls, who blink or stonily stare from parched eyes, and we rarely take note. But at least one such soul I have noted and remembered. The same would you have done, though young, thoughtless, proud as I. If some dumb animal writhed up its head in your path and moaned for food, and you had none to give, a pity deep as the creature's need would etch the action on your memory. Haxa Bell—it is with tender soberness I say it—asked me, in the masked beseeching I came at last to recognize, to bless her life. There! I see the mocking leer of gay companions at such words—words of old vintage smack, forsooth, too thick with meaning for jovial youth. Begone! No jeers! I'll tell the truth that I dived early to find.

Of the thirty indigenous woolen bundles found by me, in a rough and rosy snarl of chilled limbs over a green wood fire, on that raw December morning when I first entered my twelve-by-twelve educational kingdom, I saw none that called for any softening of heart on the part of the master. All were well-jointed specimens, well fed, warmly clad, tough as the rocks, and bubbling out mischievous fun as those same rocks bubbled merry streams.

The seethe and simmer of school-room study was well agoing when the door opened for tardy comers whose snow-bedraggled clothes told of a long walk and snow-drift struggles. They were two, Haxa Bell and her little brother Wip. She placed the boy on a low bench by the fire, and then herself chose a seat without stopping for the stove's warmth. She folded a thin red shawl somewhat closer about her at the wind's keen thrust from a sheathing crack in the wall, put her reader and speller on the desk before her, and sat waiting and looking at me. I assigned her lessons with finger pointing to the page over which she drooped, but with eye scanning close a face older in its lines than her stunted form warranted. Seemingly to prevent any mistaken estimate of her knowledge, she said, in reply to my question concerning her classes, "I'm nothin' quick, Suh, at my book; mebbe ye'd put me with Betty Jones, but she's higher'n me. I reads with Wip."

I further studied my late comers in leisure moments that day. "Umph! poverty sprouts, usual town-beggars necessary to keep home-charity alive," I thought, and glanced from the shrunken look of the girl to the less nipped boy by the fire. "So far he has fared better than she; some of childhood's juice left in him yet, thanks to her, no doubt." Then I looked at the girl again. Hair coarse and crisp crept low on a forehead wanly discolored like a dying moon in the morning west; eyes mongrel gray, retreating in parrying glances, till from compassion one's own stopped the pursuit and left them concealed in their bleared burrows; bloodless cheeks, and lips gnarled and withered by pain, as you may see the torrent-rasped forks of tree-roots, violet-forsaken by dried water-courses. I detected nothing uncommon, one of the ordinary weeds of humanity fated to soil unusually sterile. She did not even excite my interest by any noteworthy diligence; indeed, was rather listless, watching Wip braid his tippet fringe, eying the gusty whirls of snow at the window, or staring vacantly at the movements of classes. The cold torpor of her manner was disturbed that day but by a single action. A sudden broadside of the mountain wind stoutly shook our crazy little house, and loosened the stove-pipe from its wire supports. The soot sifted out, and no large boys being present to aid me, I was about to reach my hands up to refit the joint. She started up with the words, "Master, yer hands are white!" and before I understood her movement, was standing in my chair and had forced the blackened parts together. In some confusion of mind I saw her wipe from her own hands the stains mine had escaped, and resume her seat.

I believe as the winter passed on I tried to be kinder to Haxa, and this out of simple pity at her slow progress. I never inquired concerning her home affairs, but in my hearing remarks were dropped about a dead mother, drunken father, younger brother and sister, cold, rags, and hunger. So for all these ills I would fain have given the weak antidote of a new idea, a new hope or emotion. I did not believe the child was wholly numb to her situation. She was only hopeless and passive. And as hope lifts many a wretch from sloughs that are old habitats I wished it to aid her. Had she given more promise of improvement, more signs of mental germination, I should never have dropped such frequent kind words. But a stolidity so permanent was too painful to see in any human being.

One mid-winter's night of clear moon and spicular air, the snow crisp with cold, and the temperature stinging every nerve into acute but pleasurable sensations, my cousin's family and myself drove home from a temperance lecture in the village. We had passed the school-house, the strip of level on the river, the bit of gaunt grove, and our load began to creak up the long hill while the sleigh-bells settled themselves to a slower jangle and more unequal jerks of sound, when I vacated the sleigh with a leap and the words, "The hill is long, I'll walk up." The cause of this movement was the sudden view I got of a little figure dragging a load of scraggy fagots through a field that bordered the road—I recognized Haxa Bell. She was not far off, and had halted under the lee of a scathed pine pollard. I knew she lived just ahead, half-way up the hill, and gallantry would as soon have let me pass unaided the daintiest lady alive. I went to her. She looked up startled by my voice: "Haxa, the deep snow makes this hard for you!" and I took a strong hold of the rope which she now hastily began to pull.

"Yis, Suh, and I've missed the old track. Ye'r right kind, master, but ye needn't 'a come. Nobody ever helped me afore."

We were in the road now. She looked up the hill and said, "They've gained on ye; ye'd best leave me and run on."

She looked pleased at my answer. "No, I'll help you up the hill. They will wait for me at the top."

At school Haxa never spoke to me but when occasion required. Now she seemed anxious to show her sense of my kindness by talk of some sort. She began immediately.

"Father's bad to-night, and couldn't go for wood, and we're clean out or I'd a waited till mornin'. The children has colds, too, and mebbe'll need a fire to-night."

I looked down upon her, straining her thin arm in its hold upon the load, and something of my deep compassion must have saturated my voice when I said, "It's a hard life you lead, Haxa; I wish things might take a better turn."

Her mouth twisted out a sigh. "But I'm used to't. Mebbe father'll do better bimeby, and Wip is growin' big—he'll help a lot. The neighbors say he's smart, and I guess he'll come to more'n me in the world." The sister's hopes and meagre dreams were all for the boy Wip.

"I've missed you lately at school, Haxa," I said. She looked up with a broken, fleeting expression, a shattered smile which I did not expect to produce.

"Have ye, Suh? The baby's ben sick, but I'll try an' come soon."

My cousin had reached the summit of the hill and was waiting for me. I hurried on to the shanty whose comfortless air manifested a pressing need of the fuel Haxa had procured. I took her chill hand, "Good-night, Haxa!"

"Good-night, master!"

What had I done? Was this poor, forlorn soul so unaccustomed to kind words that her affections sprung up like hepaticas in the snow if it did but thaw? I am generally on my guard. I know how like the prepared negative-plates of the photographer lie many waiting hearts, and I take care to reflect no rays. The more shame to him who plays with hearts heaven-dowered with sweet buds that by their very nature open to fragrant blossoms at the first fancied call.

The last day of my school approached. On the night before I covered the coals in the cracked, rheumatic stove, locked the door, put the key on the entry shelf, and stood for a moment on the door-step to stealthily forecatch the spirit of freedom that blew at me from out the south. My winter's work had been marrow-destroying drudgery. I determined to wash my hands of such forever. A thaw of several days had seamed the river's ice, now a roughened pavement that stretched through the valley, under the bridge, and past the school-house. The snow was sunken and discolored. The winter looked wan. Sky and wind were very indeterminate, moody, out of sorts. Finally, it decided to rain again. Fringes of mist netted my face like cobwebs as I picked my way through the slush to my cousin's. A slip-shod, debilitated drizzle set in at nightfall, and I heard its peevish murmur on the roof through the night.

It still dripped in the morning. "There's a smart chance of your finding the river broken up and the meadows full this side of the bridge," said my cousin as I started for school. So I thought; and as the river now lay between me and the school-house it was possible my winter's work was even now finished. In passing Haxa's house I saw no stir but the sickly wriggle of a slender smoke-wreath from the chimney. Presently I came in sight of the meadows, the river, the bridge, and, beyond, a little pile of blackened, huddled ruins, the charred bones, reeking with an ashy steam, of my old school-house! Good Yankee grit the decrepit shell evinced, if burn it must, to burn in spite of soaked timbers and falling rain. There was no stir about. The nearest houses were behind the hills, half a mile away. Evidently nobody had witnessed the death-struggle of the lonely, used-up idea-mill, the faithful, rough old friend of tow-heads innumerable. With much difficulty and some danger I slid, clambered, and jumped my way over the jostling ice cakes which crowded the meadows, clogged the road, and heaved hard against the bridge. With wet clothes and a bruise or two I reached the other side and the school-ground. I had been mistaken; the place was not wholly deserted. A bedraggled, sooty spectre crouched among the steaming brands—the visible genius of ruin. I pursued an eclectic course through the hissing, gasping ashes, and approached this embodiment of desolation.

"Haxa," said I, "what does this mean? Did you set it on fire?"

The spectre did not move, but answered, with the faintest shimmer of a smile:

"Most like ye'd think so, but I loved it too well. Oh, master! it should a stood it one more day."

"Yes, indeed; and so rainy too. How came you here?"

Then, still sitting there in the ashes, she told me. She could not sleep for fear the ice would break, and the river would flood the road, and keep her from school on the last day. So past midnight she got up and came down to see. The light of the burning house flared up through the fog, and when she reached the meadows the snaky flames were crawling over it all. She determined to get to it over the ice, and she did. She ventured inside the flames once, but cleared only one desk of its contents. Then she dried herself by the lessening fire, and afterward found a warm place to sit in the ashes.

"What do you keep so carefully wrapped under your shawl?" I asked.

She slowly unfolded the thin garment, safely shielding what was under from the rain. My port-folio, books, and maps, lay there; it was my desk she had visited!

"Nothin' else is saved, master."

I did not take up the things at once; I was too touched by her deed for me. I must have spoken tenderly—"Haxa, you kind girl, I have no words to thank you."

"No need, Suh. Ye know now that I've sensed yer kindness, an' leastwise ain't forgettin'."

We talked a little while. I gave her a book, and buttoned the rest of my saved property under my over-coat. Then I said,

"You'd better go home now, Haxa. If you wait perhaps you can not cross on the ice. I will go over the hill the other way to Mr. Bland's."

She slowly stood up, and put her hand heavily in the one I offered.

"Mebbe ye'll never come this way agin, master?"

"Very likely not. I shall remember you, Haxa."

"Folks is more like yerself down there, ain't they?" she asked, nodding southward.

"Perhaps so. Would you like to see them?"

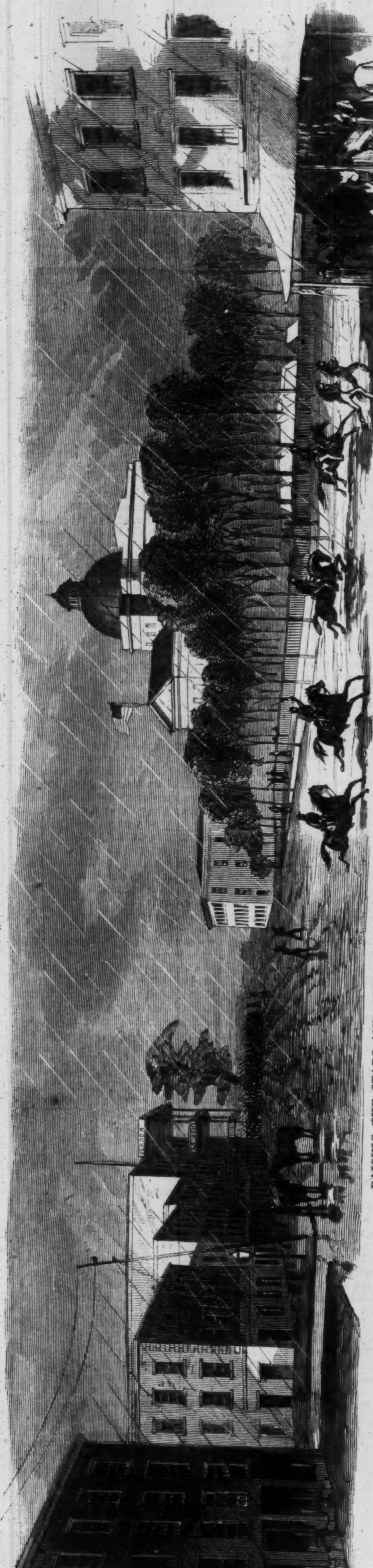
Her eyelids were heavy; I could not see under them. The mouth was set now in a white, lifeless fixity. She muttered "It's no use," and said good-by without looking at me again. I watched her all the way across the ice, and out of sight. She never looked back.

Thank God that somewhere and sometime all hunger shall be satisfied, all craving met by perfect supply! At the last strange richness shall brim all voids, and God's kiss be the balmy benediction upon mated love.

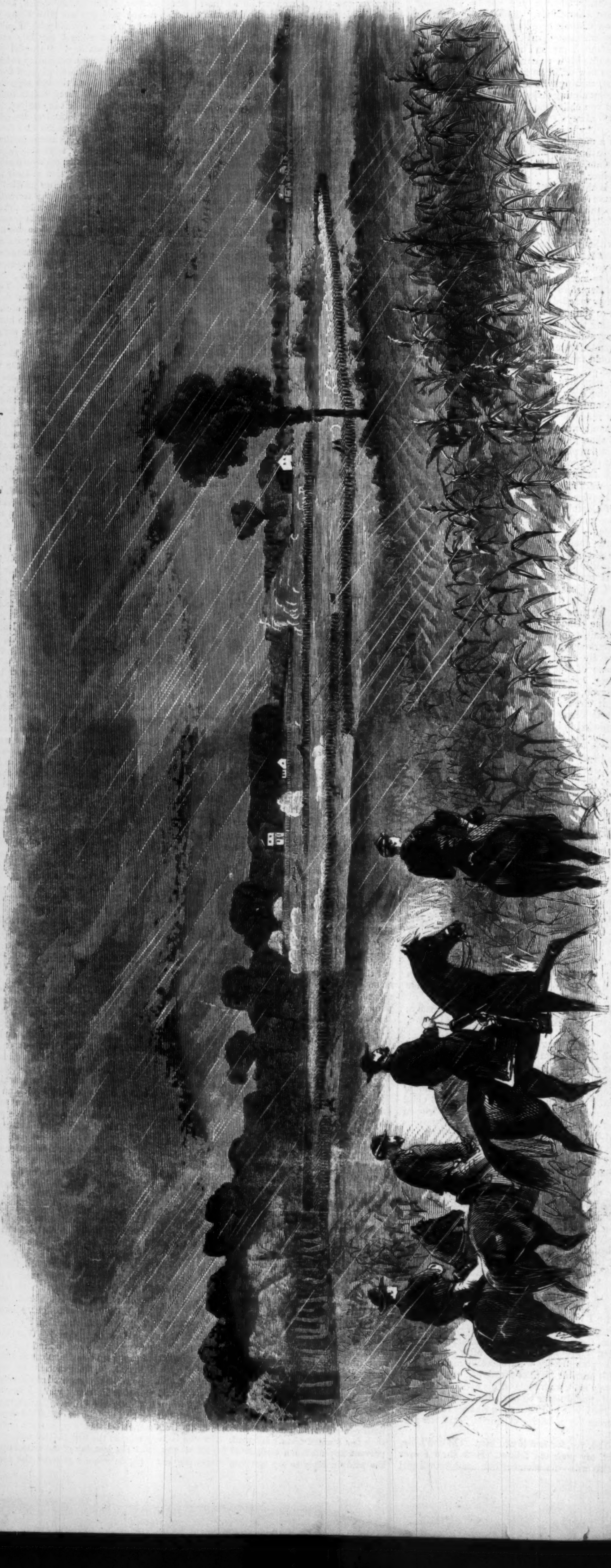
THE GREAT CANAL CONVENTION.

ON page 385 we reproduce a sketch—kindly sent us from Chicago—representing the MONSTER TENT erected for the accommodation of the GREAT CANAL CONVENTION, which assembled in that city last week to consider the needs of the Northwest in the shape of big canals. The reporter of the Chicago *Tribune*, writing before the Convention met, thus described the tent:

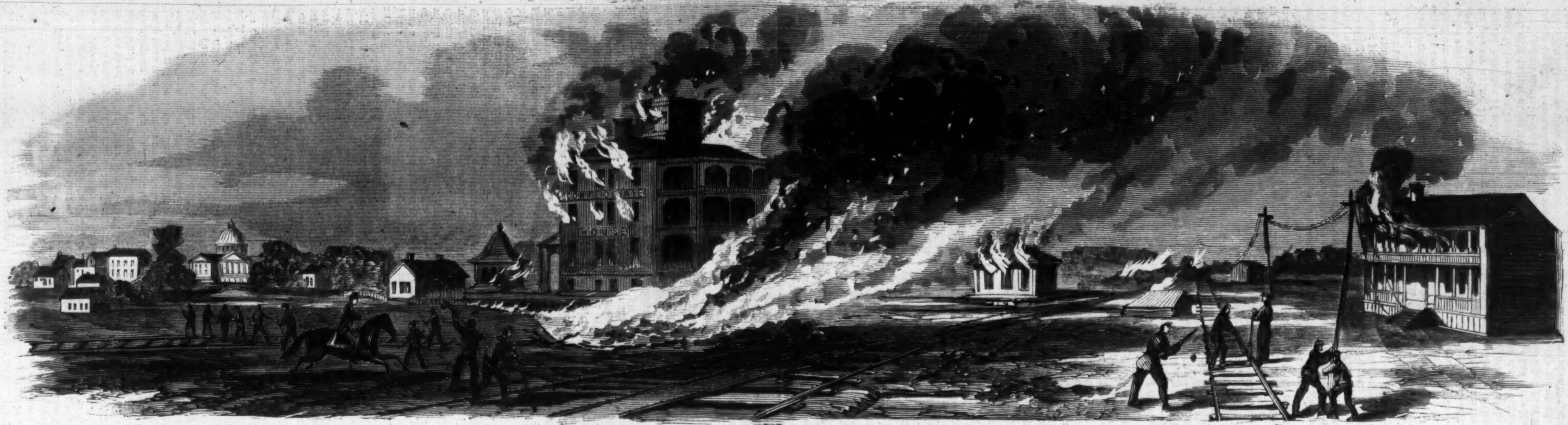
> The tent is now in thorough readiness for the purposes of the Convention, and it is believed will comfortably accommodate all who attend. It is octagonal in form, 260×84 feet in extent, and will seat about 4700 people. The Speaker's platform, 32×40 in size, occupies the centre of the east wall, the tables for the press filling a raised platform immediately in front of the Speaker's, and accommodating eighty reporters. There are five rows of seats running north and south, so arranged as to bring all within good hearing distance of the stand.



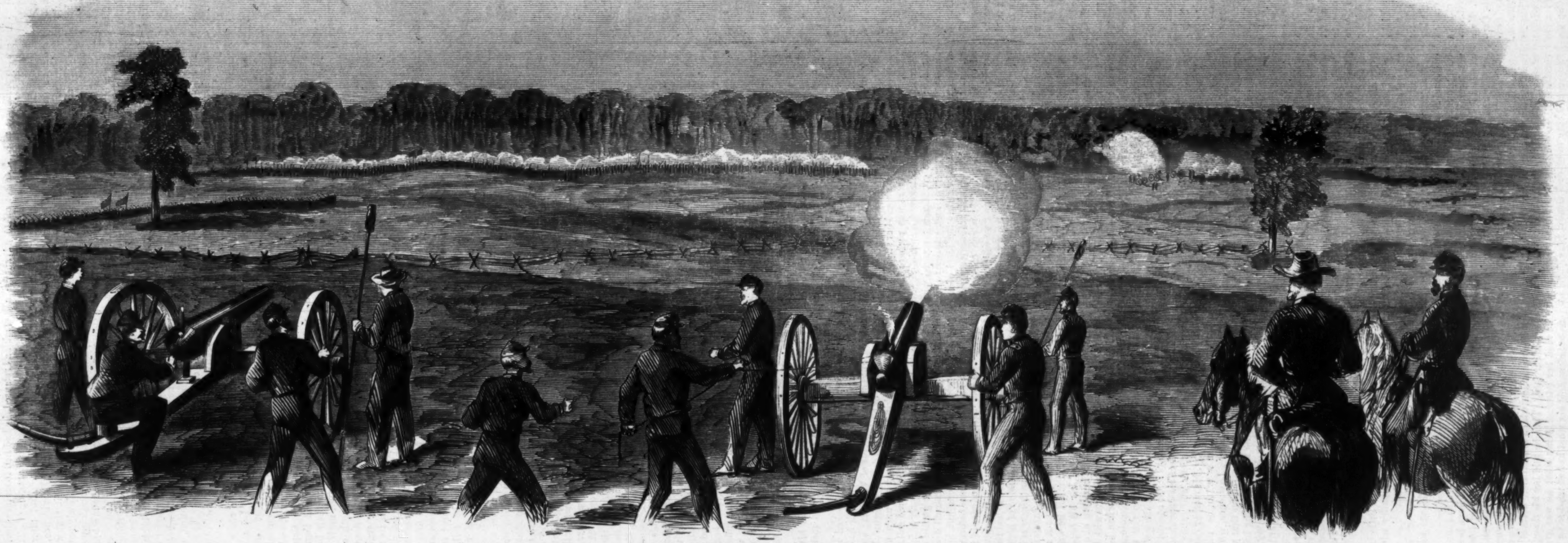
RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES OVER THE CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF MISSISSIPPI.—[See Page 395.]



THE BATTLE OF JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 14, 1863—CHARGE BY GENERAL CROCKER'S DIVISION.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 395.]



DESTRUCTION OF REBEL PROPERTY AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI, MAY 15.



THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL, MAY 16, 1863.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 395.]

LAWRENCE'S ENLISTMENT.

I.

There was a war-meeting in Mooreville. Bull Run had been fought and lost, and the old Anglo-Saxon spirit had been roused into that enthusiasm which seems more easily excited by a defeat than by a victory. With a sense of the wrong done to their own manliness, the men of the North sprang to arms to set things right; and each man felt an individual interest in the rescue of the nation from the disgrace brought upon her arms. So in this little town man after man came forward this evening, and registered his name upon the roll of the recruiting officer, among the cheers of his companions, and the approving smiles which struggled through the tears of women. It may seem unfair to scrutinize the under-current of motives which combined to produce that great swell of patriotic emotion; but with imperfect creatures like men we can give due credit for the act, and yet acknowledge other elements in the impulse besides the one simple sentiment which all professed, and probably at the time honestly felt. So, when Lawrence Moore dashed down his name as a recruit, it may, without putting him outside the pale of honorable young men, be confessed that he was cherishing several secret fancies. There was a little personal vanity seeking to appropriate some of the applause lavished upon others. There was the notion that a man of his merit must surely rise to that military distinction which to young men appears the highest peak of earthly honor. There was a little weariness of the humdrum routine of ordinary business, and the desire to try a new life, which from a distance seemed full of strange excitement and pleasurable adventure. And there was especially the consciousness that many bright eyes were looking on, to which the act would appear purely noble and self-sacrificing. All these feelings mingled themselves with the impulse to do something for the nation which was really in his heart, frivolous and volatile as may appear the surrounding elements. Finally, there was that pressure of popular sympathy which is experienced in all large assemblies, to the influence of which he was constitutionally very open, and whose effects may be traced in many of the incidents hereafter to be narrated.

He went back to his seat with a proud look upon his face, which brightened still more as it saw the kindling flush upon the cheek of a young girl, whose bright eyes met his for a moment as she made room for him beside her. Thus he sat down with a particular direction given to his emotions, a feeling of special sympathy with Kate Clare. As the meeting dissolved, and they by degrees got disentangled from the multitude, he was glad to find that the way to her home was almost solitary, a few persons already far in advance being all that stirred its repose. Thinking of her bright look of momentary tenderness, Lawrence's arm drew the little hand that rested on it closer to his side; and in response there seemed to come upon it a slight answering pressure. He looked down, but could only see the soft rounding of her cheek emerging daintily from the folds of delicate web with which her head was covered. What need is there of further detail of such an oft-told story? Neither had ever before felt more than that natural fancy for one another which springs up between most nice commonplace young people; but both were young, both very impressionable, both thinking and feeling together under the influence of the evening's incidents and this quiet stroll succeeding. So they felt that they were in love, and told each other so, producing something of the reality of affection by the very declaration. Thus they drew closer and closer together in youth's dream, of what future years prove such solemn earnest, the pledged union of two hearts for this life and that to come. How many men and women have staked their happiness in just such a careless youthful sport?

Lawrence went home full of happy, boyish visions. Thoughts of glorious achievements mixed with pictures of a charming home with a pretty little inmate enlivening the passing hours, where he would sit with an admiring company around listening to his modest recital of the scenes in which he was to have borne so great a part. In this glow of imagination, with sparkling eye and lofty tread, he came into the quiet room where sat his parents and a distant relative who had grown up as his companion. He did not find it so easy a task as he had fancied it would be to tell them of the step that he had taken; and his enthusiasm sank several degrees as he noticed the pained expression on his father's face, the sudden paleness of his mother's cheek, the quick start of his gentle cousin. He began to feel that his father's reproachful question, "why they had not been informed of his design?" was but just and proper; and it diminished the dignity of the action to have to confess that it was done on the impulse of the moment. He sank still lower in his own esteem when his father began to display to him the inconvenience which would result from his sudden withdrawal from the business upon which he had entered; and though there was comfort in the words with which the women rejoined, acknowledging the obligation to serve the country as before all others, yet even his father's acquiescence in their truth could not prevent him from seeing that there was something selfishly inconsiderate in his hasty conduct. So not a word was breathed as to his love engagement, even to his cousin, who had often been his confidante. Indeed, now that the excitement was over, he began to feel a vague doubt as to the wisdom of that engagement; and the thought of his cousin even made him question the depth of his love for Kate. He was getting into that depressed condition of mind when every thing appears in its darkest hues; so he went quickly to bed, only to toss about sleeplessly, disturbed by the constant mental iteration of all the annoying notions that had taken advantage of the reaction of his spirits to seize upon his thoughts.

By the next morning, however, the buoyancy of his spirits had returned, and he felt ready to let things take their course. Still it was not with all the alacrity of a lover that he started to pay a visit to Kate. She, too, may have had her misgivings the night before; for though at their meeting both lost all other considerations in the sweet novelty of their new relation, it appeared that she had kept the secret of their mutual vows as closely as he had himself. So it in some way became tacitly understood that there was to be no announcement of the fact at all for the present; and that the future should be allowed to take care of itself. Perhaps Kate was not sorry for this reticence when Lawrence came in uniform to bid her farewell: for though while talking to him his face and air gave dignity to the attire, yet when he entered, and as he departed, the coarse cavalry jacket and light blue trowsers seemed to vulgarize and degrade him in the eyes of this amiable but shallow girl. So Lawrence Moore went to Washington, and became one among a thousand privates in the same regiment, on the same level with them all in the eyes of every one but himself.

II.

Very different was soldiering in practice from what it had seemed to his imagination. He did not find that riding a horse and wearing a sword were his principal duties. Under the stern old Prussian disciplinarian who commanded them the responsibility of keeping arms and horse in proper condition was a burdensome toil to those raw young men, and even the officers led any thing but an easy life. The first two or three months of Lawrence's enlistment were passed in a perfect thunder-storm of curses; and though, after the initiation was over, there was ease and even enjoyment in doing well what had grown into a habit, still there was no romance in being a sort of military stable-boy. But that and the constant drill did him and all of them far more good than harm. They became manly, hardy, ready with their hands and arms. Their clothes began to sit on them with a different air, and to show to advantage their well-developed, active frames. The uncongenial society was what affected Lawrence most disagreeably. His companions were so very different from that to which he was used. Tastes, manners, talk, were so strangely coarse and repulsive. Brought up within the influences of home refinements and religious teaching, the vulgar jokes and profane ribaldry which amused the others jarred upon his nerves. If he had been a different man, there is no telling how much he might quietly have improved those with whom he was immediately connected; but, being of a disposition rather to catch the tone of others than to give one to them, he slowly began to imbibe their characteristics and to assume their habits. His was but a commonplace character, a little more quick than others to catch the prevailing influences around him; and the same facility of nature which advanced him as a soldier caused him to degenerate as a man. His warrant as sergeant did not come until some time after his first oath, and not much before his first excess in whisky. Still he never sank into the besotted, animal habits of some, and kept a respectable standing with officers and men.

So things went on until one day when his company was out scouting the country on the left of the fortifications around Washington. It was a dreary region of bad roads, uncultivated fields, and thick, tangled woods. What houses there had been were deserted, and mostly either burned or torn down by the reckless soldiery of both parties, who debated the possession of the territory. There were certain passes notorious for bloody skirmishes and sudden surprises, and the inexperienced troopers were very nervous with apprehension of imaginary dangers. All at once, at one of the most unpleasant defiles, there came an alarm. Horsemen were seen riding toward their front, and another party appeared upon the flank. There was a panic among the men. One caught the contagion from another, and, with a fantastic fear of being cut off, most of the troop turned and galloped to the rear. Here was one of those opportunities which Lawrence had painted to himself in his imagination of his military career; but the reality affected him very differently from the ideal picture. With every intention of doing well, without any special sense of fear, he found himself drifting along with the rest, leaving the captain with but half a dozen men to support the assault. A feeling of shame seized him and some of the others simultaneously. They turned back and began to retrace their steps, but much more slowly than they had retreated. They were still fifty yards off when they heard hearty laughter, and they only rejoined their captain to see him, reddened with mortification, encircled by a party belonging to another troop of their own regiment. The story was too good to keep quiet. The two lieutenants who had joined the flight were forced to leave the regiment; and though Lawrence's return served to save him some of his self-respect, it did not obviate the necessity of his surrendering his warrant to one of those who had stood firm, nor enable him to escape the rude jeers of some of his fellow-soldiers. Yet this first shock did him good. His eyes began to open to the great defect of his character, and Private Moore became more of a man and steadier as a soldier than he had been as citizen or sergeant.

All this time the engagement kept its secret life, now and then brightened by a letter. And now Kate Clare came to Washington to enjoy a little of the gayety brought there by the army, while her father was seeking a share in the business created by the same cause. The city was full of officers and soldiers, the multitude of shoulder-straps throwing private soldiers far into the back-ground. Kate heard on every side talk of Generals, Colonels, Captains, while the men in ranks were spoken of generally as rather social nuisances than otherwise. Thus the idea of Lawrence Moore began to lose its lustre, and soon faded from her thoughts, except when accidentally presented to her. Still more was this the case after her introduction to Captain Graham, the commander of the Mooreville troop. He was a dashing young fellow, brave, without very great strength of head or depth of heart, but with sufficient of both to set off to advantage a neat uniform. By degrees Kate and he drifted into a flirtation. They found pleasure in each other's society, and filled up in fancy all the deficiencies that might exist in either when viewed by disenchanted eyes. One day as they were sitting together, neither desiring interruption, the door opened and Lawrence Moore walked in. There was a blush upon Kate's face, and an awkwardness in her manner too evident to be overlooked; and Lawrence was equally embarrassed and ill at ease in the presence of his commander. He could scarcely summon up resolution to sit down, and did not venture to engage in the conversation beyond the first commonplace inquiries. The Captain did not help him. Unaware of any special intimacy, he rather resented the intrusion of one of his men into the society which he frequented, and quickly contrived so to turn the talk that Lawrence was as much disregarded as if he were not in the room. So as soon as he could recover presence of mind, Moore did the only thing possible; rising to take leave. His adieux were received with an effort at politeness on the part of Kate, which was more chilling than rudeness itself; while the Captain did nothing beyond giving a military recognition to the military salute. So Lawrence Moore went away, his vanity and self-respect both wounded, and certain that he had lost her to whom he had offered love. After all it was surprising how little he felt the last. At first he carried the pain of the other feelings to that account, as being the most dignified; but as this wore off he began to feel rather relieved than otherwise. He sent back her letters and likeness, and that was the end of the engagement. After he had taken them from his pocket, inclosed and mailed them, he joined some of his comrades. Then they all enjoyed themselves as soldiers do, and rejoiced at getting back to camp in time for roll-call, and without any difficulty with the Provost-Guard.

Then he began to think, a habit which he had first formed when he had been reduced to the ranks, and which was gradually doing him good. He decided that he had been thoughtless and foolish in all the proceedings of his enlistment night, and that the faults which he committed then had since gradually developed, until he found himself, with little credit in his company, and with a false and deceitful pretended love, which had been, without benefiting itself, standing between him and the rightful claimants of his affection. He began now to think of his parents and his home, as in his careless self-engrossment he had not done hitherto, with that softening emotion which makes such memories great purifiers and strengtheners of a man's nature when thrown into a foreign sphere under very different influences. As he thought he drew out a letter from his cousin Lizzie, which he had before but glanced over carelessly while on his way to Kate. Now, as he read it over, he could not but feel its unconscious revelation of a character such as he fain would have seen in himself. There shone forth in it a quiet willing acceptance of present duties, and submission to sacrifices of her own will and pleasure to the interests or tastes of those whom she loved—a love which quickened her perception in helping or comforting its objects; a cheerful spirit that contented itself with the work of to-day, together with a high religious trust that realized that God's to-morrow would be good enough for her—that as her days so should her strength be. Then, as he did not see, there was perhaps in the letter something which betokened a special regard for him; an instinctive confidence tempered with unconscious maidenly reserve; an ascription to him of the qualities which belonged to her ideal of excellence; an assumption that his actions were guided by the same high principle which controlled her life. It may have been this tone which awakened in him a sentiment for the writer which had long been dormant. As he thought with shame how much he fell short of the character attributed to him, his heart dwelt tenderly upon her who so esteemed him; and there rose up in his soul a determination to become more like this ideal character, and to try and deserve a good opinion, which at each moment assumed a higher value in his eyes. It was a good sign that he did not think that he was in love with Lizzie. The feeling associated with Kate Clare was very different from this. Yet here was the beginning of a true love, which might elevate his character in a greater degree than it had been lowered by the first frivolous affection.

III.

The quiet of the camp had been broken. Below the picket line, on the Rappahannock, a small trading-sloop had been fired on by the rebel pickets, and was drifting ashore where it might be plundered. The troopers came swarming out with their carbines, ready for attack or defense, and the officers of the post were hastily consulting together. Suddenly a small skiff with two or three men pushed off from the shelter of the bank. Amidst a hail of rifle-shot from the Mississippi regiment who held the opposite shore, it kept on its way. Presently the men sprang on board the sloop. Snatching the tiller from the grasp of the wounded man who crouched beside it, the leader of the party altered the course, giving his orders promptly and sharply to those who manned the sheets; and in ten minutes the little craft rounded to in a little cove, protected from the enemy's fire. The leader quietly handed over the vessel to the colonel, and returned to his post, but not until he had been promoted on the spot to a high place on the non-commissioned staff. It was Lawrence Moore, who had followed the example of his comrades in running away, who now set them this good example of high daring and individual bravery. The change had not been so very rapid. It was six months since the other affair had taken place, and with many a falling back had his advance been checkered. To one so impressible as he it had at first seemed easy to become steady, brave, and religious. He had attempted a great deal more than he could perform, and had even spoken out his resolutions. Then, time and again, when he had been weak and relapsed, he had had to endure the laughter of his comrades, most discouraging of all things to a sympathetic temperament. But after each trouble, as if by the ordering of Providence, there had come a letter reviving the spirit that was on the point of dying out; and he was slowly not only forming himself but making his mark upon his comrades. Those who gathered around him began to catch his tone and spirit, and when he sprang forward to take the lead in any thing they with one impulse followed. Thus, without his being conscious what he was doing, he became an important element in the military character of the regiment. The shrewd old soldier at its head was not slow to mark this; and the promotion, which seemed to come as the reward of a single action, was really the result of many weeks of observation.

And now military events began to come thick and fast upon each other's heels. Long, swift marches day after day, with little food and less repose. Sharp fighting and quick pursuit, as Ashby now drew up to hold the ground, and now closed in again to Jackson's rear. Constant watchfulness and incessant excitement began to tell fearfully upon the troopers and their horses. Day by day numbers dropped behind, until there could be mustered but half the strength of the regiment. Then there came one final, desperate charge right into Ashby's force. The regiment broke like a wave upon a rock, and in its recoil swept back the officers and all into a mass of confusion. Then Sergeant-Major Moore shone out. From his place in flank he escaped the first rush. Again and again did he become the centre around which rallied a few to check the enemy; and at last, catching Captain Graham as he fell, and throwing him across his saddle, he closed up the rear, firing his last shot at the last pursuer. Thus he rose from the ranks, while his name was repeated proudly in the little town which was his home. To one of his nature the reputation was very sweet, yet it was not now the first thing. Principal in his mind arose the question of duty, and then was the thought: "I am glad that it will please them at home." Lizzie was still but a part of home, though home had been transfigured to his heart until he really looked at it as it gathered itself round her. So while he thought of the happiness of his parents, it was as they heard her speaking of what had been done that he pictured them, and tried to fancy the words in which she would refer to him. Thus his mind regarding his conduct in an almost impersonal aspect, he still retained a modesty of tone which conciliated those who might have been jealous of his advancement had he himself presumed; and with the officers, as among the men, he began to have a weight and exert an unconscious influence.

Now came that short campaign of Pope, which seemed so long to those engaged in it, with its varying fortunes and disastrous result. Its end Lawrence was not able to see. From the Rappahannock River he was sent to a hospital, worn down with fever and with a bullet in his leg. There his parents found him lying, and took him home to rest and recover.

Very pleasant the quiet country looked in the September sunlight to one who for a year had seen nothing but the wasted fields of Virginia; and the refining society of home was doubly delightful after the rude fellowship of camp, and the uncultivated manners of the inhabitants of the sacred soil. And now, with her graceful figure frequently before his eyes, with her sweet voice uttering gentle words of kindness and cheer, with her habitual deeds of care and consideration for every one but herself, striking him as they had never done before; now that absence had dissipated the blindness of habit, and he had himself grown into a perception of these things, Lawrence Moore began to feel that his cousin Lizzie had long had possession of his heart. With an honest sense of his unworthiness of so noble a gift as her affection, he had an earnest wish to gain it, and a secret hope that perhaps it might be his. When he thought of himself he was discouraged; when he thought of her his hopes revived. She had always out of her own abundant goodness endowed him in her thoughts with better qualities than he possessed. Now, when he told her what he was, confessed his shortcomings, yet assured her that he was studying to rise to the level of her ideal and his own, might she not trust herself to his honest endeavors? So amidst hopes and fears went on the period of his convalescence. Day after day he longed to speak, and yet he could not do so. At length, one day, his mother casually mentioned that Kate Clare was to be married shortly to Captain Graham. Lawrence, who had almost forgotten that he ever cared for that young lady, lifted his eyes as he was answering indifferently, and caught a strange, half-questioning, half-anxious glance which Lizzie threw toward him. As her eyes met his they fell, and something like a faint blush gathered on her cheek. Disagreeable remembrances came back then to him, and he also colored and became abstracted. His mother was called away, and they two were alone. Then he told her the history of that enlistment night and something of the sequel.

"I knew it," answered she, with a little tremor in her voice, it might be of sympathy with his imagined disappointment. "I thought so sometimes, and then, one day, she told me of the engagement as a secret. I was afraid she was not worthy your regard."

"I fear that it was not even of worth enough for her," replied Lawrence. "It would have been sad to have had to support the realities of life with such a phantom of true love. But do you know what taught me its falsehood and shallowness?"

As she looked up, something in his voice awakened an emotion which stirred that natural quietness of her face. Then he told her his thoughts as he read her letter, told her what he was growing to be before, told her what he had tried to be thereafter. The discipline of those months had taught him to see himself truly as he was, and by that ability made him better than he saw himself. One who truly loved him, who had for years felt her affections drawn to that higher part of his nature, with which hers had instinctively sympathized, could not but find her heart moved by this manly humility and honest love. It was very sweet to think that she had been the instrument of good to him. And thus, when he ceased to speak, and turned his eyes from the far distance into which they had been gazing as he told the past, he saw in her eyes a look of exquisite tenderness softened yet more by a slowly gathering tear. He took her hand and drew her to his heart; and from that moment each knew that that was to be no future separation, but that each would find in the other's love the strength and comfort for their life's future trials.

And now, as Lawrence Moore has ceased to be an enlisted man, and as the disposition displayed in that enlistment has been replaced by a higher one, evolved through the very circumstances which seemed to give the first the government of his life, the history of his enlistment may be considered as at an end.

OUR COLOR-SERGEANT.

I.

Out on the slope of yon Virginian hill,
Just where those pines their cone-like shadows wave
Across that clump of laurel, make the hero's grave.
The pulse is throbless now; the strong heart still;
Glazed the deep-sunken eye; the iron will
That hurled back scorn for scorn, and bent not save
To God's, is broken, and forever. Chill
And stark in death's solemnity he lies
Silent for evermore beneath the starry skies,
Wherefrom the dew-drops fall
On corse and pall
Like tears from pitying angel's eyes.

II.

Drape his cold form with the old starry flag,
Storm-frayed and battle-fretted, it is now
The fittest wreath for a dead soldier's brow.
For his who waved it from embattled crag,
Sternly defiant of the bastard rag
That on South Mountain's side was forced to bow,
And in Antietam's conflict did not lag,
Flying in fierce haste, as if to seek
Safety beyond the crimsoned creek;
While broad and fair,
Triumphant there,
The old flag waves above the battle's wreck.

III.

Sore wounded in the thick of the first fight
At Fredericksburg he fell, but died not,
At least not then, nor on that sacred spot.
Wounded and prone upon the awful height,
Where rebel foes had massed their fearful might,
Hurling such storm of hissing shell and shot
As made the darkened air gleam sudden-bright;
He lay 'mid carnage and dark scenes of death
That made our vet'rans draw an under-breath,
As through the storm
They bore his form
And gained the Rappahannock's bank beneath.

IV.

Then came long weeks of suffering and pain;
The tardy convalescence; swift relapse;
The almost certainty of death; the dim perhaps
That he might live to love and fight again;
For fight he would, and round his neck a chain
Whereby a locket hung told the love-gaps
In his young heart were full. She came,
And life leaped up like sudden flame
Beneath her smile.
After a while
She went away, but going, bore his name.

V.

No prouder smile has ever wreathed man's lips
Than his wore when he held her to his heart,
And said farewell. He did not think to part
For life; but life is made of many slips,
And few there be who find not hope's eclipse.
Turning his eyes, feeling the tear-drops start,
He smiled as one may smile who nectar sips,
And kissed her, laughing, bidding her to pray
That he might win a shoulder-strap some day.
Then one more kiss,
Too full of bliss,
And he turned back to camp. She went her way.

VI.

Then came the word to march. With heart more light
Than morning-dew on flower beneath his feet,
He trod the path, as if he thought to greet
But friends upon the way. In the dim night
We crossed the river. There lay the frowning height
And trench that we must gain in battle's heat,
And at the bayonet's point. But God and Right
Were on our side, he said, and felt no fear.
Forward! we charged with shout and cheer.
They sent back grape.
Death's awful shape
Uprose before us, silent, stern, and clear.

VII.

We faltered not. Some fell, but others sprung
To fill the gaps where death had claimed his own.
Shout answered shout, shell burst on shell; a groan
Went up when cannon spoke with awful tongue,
And then their yielding hordes were backward flung,
And on the heights stood Union troops alone.
How heaven's high arch with shouts of victory rung!
But he—our Color-Sergeant?—heart of oak?—
When rebel chaff before the whirlwind broke
He, fighting, fell
In that wild mimic hell
Of sulphurous flame and smoke.

VIII.

Yes; bury him there upon the sudden slope
Of that Virginian hill: 'twas there he fell:
His name and station let some rude board tell.
'Tis rebel soil, 'tis true, yet who can hope
A nobler grave than his? Trust heaven will ope
As quickly to his soul, that through the swell
Of battle-music sought the azure scope,
As if from chancel-aisle it fled.
Yet who shall bear the news that he is dead
To her? She waits
Beside Hope's gates,
Nor knows her warrior's soul is sped.

MILDRED'S SACRIFICE.

The vases of heliotrope in Miss Delford's dainty little parlor were distilling their sweetest fragrance in the delicious evening breeze that tossed the muslin curtains to and fro through the wide opened windows, and the cherry boughs overshadowing the piazza eaves were hung with sparkling jewel-sprays of crimson fruit. July was purpling all the horizon with amethyst light; July brooded over the hills with tender warmth; and Clara Delford, in her dark rich beauty, seemed like a typic blossom of the brightest month in all the year.

Did Captain Verner notice the changing color in her olive cheek; the blaze that glowed beneath her jetty eyelashes, in strange, seductive brilliance? Did he observe how artistically she had *posed* herself on the tiny foot-stool close beside Mildred Moore's shadowy white draperies and pure, colorless features? Clara Delford understood contrast and harmony—Captain Verner did not; he only knew that the two girls were like rose and lily, fervid sunshine, and pale, white starlight!

"If I could only do something for those poor suffering soldiers," she said, breaking the momentary silence, as if in continuation of the previous conversation. "Would it not be possible for me to devote a portion of my small means to their comfort?"

Captain Verner smiled; for the heiress to speak of her "small means" seemed, even to him, like an unnecessary bit of ostentation.

"Certainly," he said; "and I can assure you the money could not be spent to better purpose."

"Will you object to acting as my treasurer?" smiled Clara, with pretty, appealing softness in her eyes.

"Not at all; there are, in my own regiment, many cases of hardship, even destitution, which it would give me great pleasure to relieve. Thank you"—as she opened the tiniest of silken purses and placed a bank-note in his hand with blushing confusion—"I know from experience how much good twenty dollars can do!"

All this time Mildred Moore had sat silent in the shadow of the cherry boughs; now she rose and quietly withdrew. Captain Verner's eyes followed her slight willowy figure with involuntary attraction.

"You mustn't misinterpret poor dear Mildred's silence," lisped Clara, as the door closed; "of course she is interested in your hospital reminiscences; but I don't think she cares very much about the poor soldiers—Milly's nature is not sympathetic, and—"

"And," added the straightforward soldier, "her means are very limited. She gives music-lessons or something, don't she?"

He had risen, and stood there, tall and handsome, in the golden July moonlight, Clara's beau-ideal of a *man*.

"Good-night, Miss Clara. I must stop at Harwood Grange for five minutes to tell them about their two boys who fell at Fredericksburg, and I've two or three little errands to attend to in the town. We soldiers, you know, are scarcely at our own disposal."

He held the little jeweled hand in his a moment, perhaps unconscious how closely he pressed it, and then vanished through the crimson-sprinkled branches of the cherry-trees. As he walked along, whistling softly to himself, he thought of Clara in in her strange, transcendent beauty—of her melting, liquid eyes, and her mouth, like Cupid's bow, carved in scarlet coral.

"It was generous in her to give that money," he thought. "But I can't understand—hang it! it's no business of mine, I suppose—but why couldn't Miss Mildred have expressed her sympathy in words, at least. It annoys me a little—and yet I don't, for the life of me, see *why* it should."

"You sent that set of onyx to my mother?" he asked, an hour or so later, as he entered the stylish little jewelry store in the main street of the town. "Yes? Then it's all right, and I may as well settle the bill."

He tossed a fifty-dollar Treasury Note on the counter as he spoke.

"I hardly like to part with that money," he laughed. "The fact is, I've kept it about me so long that it seems almost like a lucky-penny. However, there it goes—hand over your receipt."

He dashed the bit of paper into his pocket-book with the quickness that characterized all his motions, and walked out again whistling the low refrain that made a sort of company for his solitude.

It was nearly midnight, the air dewy and sultry, and the stars blazing in the violet concave of heaven, yet Captain Verner still sat in his balcony, idly looking out upon the summer night, with the faint fragrance of his cigar wreathing about him. Was he thinking of Clara Delford or—

"Half past eleven—high time I was asleep," soliloquized the Captain, at length, giving his cigar a toss into the quiet street below, and entering the room where a shaded lamp cast a circle of subdued light on heaps of disordered papers.

"Hallo—what's this?" he said, half aloud, taking up a tiny note that lay lightly on the top. "This is a new arrival in my chaos of documents, or I'm mistaken."

The direction, "Captain Verner," was in a strange handwriting—nor did the contents afford any clew. Nothing appeared further than a fifty-dollar note wrapped in a bit of paper on which was penciled these words: "For the soldiers!"

"Clara Delford again!" was Verner's first exclamation. "What a splendid creature that is!"

The next glance, however, discovered new ground of conjecture and perplexity—he held the note in the full glare of the lamp, turning it eagerly from side to side.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered; "it *is* the very note I paid at Atkinson's to-night—here are my initials "E. V." in the corner. Now, how on earth—"

He paused, apparently in deep thought.

"Very provoking that I can't find out to night," he murmured; "but I'll go to Atkinson's the first thing in the morning!"

The early dew was yet weighing down the half-blown roses in the simple town garden, when Captain Verner entered the jewelry store where he had purchased the set of onyx for his mother.

"What can I do for you this morning, Captain?" inquired the brisk little jeweler, as he came forward, rubbing his smooth white hands.

"A great deal, Mr. Atkinson: you can tell me to whom you paid out this Treasury Note last night?"

He laid the mysterious "greenback" on the glass counter; Atkinson took it up and scrutinized it closely, then referred to his books.

"Certainly I can," he said; "I purchased a very beautiful pearl ring from a lady yesterday evening, and paid for it with that very identical bill."

A pearl ring!—the simple words seemed to throw him off the scent again. The jeweler unlocked his show-case, and took out a small violet-velvet case, lined with white silk, in which glimmered a pearl of surpassing beauty, set in a plain gold circlet.

"There it is," he said. "Ten years ago I sent to New York for that very ring, ordered by Dr. Moore as a birthday gift for his little daughter, then just twelve years old."

"Dr. Moore!" repeated Verner.

"Yes. Times are sadly changed now, yet I did not suppose that Miss Mildred would ever have been induced to part with that favorite jewel—the only relic, I may venture to say, she has ever retained of wealthier days."

Captain Verner looked down at the ring through a strange unwonted mist. How different was this silent sacrifice of sweet memories and old associations to Clara Delford's ostentatious gift from her overflowing coffers! "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." The words came to him like a revelation of Mildred Moore's nature.

Only nine o'clock, but not too early for Mildred Moore to be watering her sweet-peas and geraniums in the cottage garden. Nay, so busy was she with a tiny pink-blossom which had broken from its fastening, that she never heard approaching footsteps until Captain Verner's shadow fell across the flower border. Then she started up, with large dilated eyes, like those of a frightened fawn, and carmine burning in her usually colorless cheeks.

"Captain Verner!"

"Do not be startled, Miss Mildred," he said, with gentle, reassuring accents. "I have only called to thank you for your kind donation to the sick soldiers."

She clasped her hands over her flushed face, like a child detected in some fault.

"I beg your pardon; I did not think—I never intended—"

"Nay," he interrupted, earnestly, "I have learned the history of the ring. Your sacrifice is not unappreciated, and—"

He stopped, for she had burst into convulsive sobs and tears. It was entirely a new phase of her being. Captain Verner stood completely confounded. Had he known her all these months and yet remained ignorant of the passionate depth and emotion of her character? She was there before him no longer the fair, passionless statue, but a lovely woman, made lovelier still by tears! The citadel of his heart—undermined long ago, unconsciously to himself—surrendered at this last attack. And who could blame him?

"Don't, Mildred!" he said, caressingly. "My dearest girl, if you knew how it grieved me to see you weep—"

"Pardon me," she faltered; "I am ashamed of being so foolish, but it was all I had to give!"

"Mildred," he whispered, opening the violet-velvet casket, "I have brought back the ring: will you accept it again?"

She looked at him with startled eyes and glowing cheeks, as if some deep meaning lay hidden in his words.

"Let me place it on your finger, love. Wear it as an engagement ring." He went on: "Oh! Mildred, I never knew till now how dear you were to me! Will you trust your future to me?—will you be my cherished, treasured wife?"

What Mildred's answer was is not at all to the purpose; only Mrs. Grundy thinks it very strange "that Miss Moore should wear a *pearl* engagement ring when *diamonds* are all the fashion!"

THE MARCH ON VICKSBURG.

Mr. Theodore R. Davis, our artist in the Southwest, accompanied General Grant in his splendid march from Grand Gulf to Jackson and Vicksburg, and has sent us the pictures which we give on pages 392, 393, and 396. Mr. Davis writes:

"CAPTURE OF JACKSON.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
May 15, 1863.

"On the morning of the 14th the troops of General M'Pherson's corps moved from Clinton, upon the direct Jackson road, and in a pelting rain-storm marched rapidly toward that place, the division under the command of General Crocker being in advance. At 10 o'clock, when within three miles of Jackson, the pickets of the enemy were driven in, and the column was at once advanced in line of battle. The enemy's 'line of battle' was soon discovered posted in an excellent position to the right, but reaching across the road. The character of the country, though mostly open, offered facilities for advancing, under cover of undulations, to within a short distance of the enemy's line, with but little exposure of our troops to their fire; and, in a drenching shower, the division did so. The skirmishers of the opposing columns were within less than one hundred yards of each other. The shower had just ceased. M. Battey, First Missouri Artillery, under Lieutenant M'Murray, opened fire. At the same time the order was conveyed to General Crocker to 'charge the enemy's line with his division, Holmes's brigade in the centre, Sandborne's to the right and rear, Boomer, with his brigade, to the left and rear.' The division came steadily up the slope of the hill, over and down at a double-quick. They met a severe and effective fire; but, never wavering, continued the charge with cheers up the second slope. Just at this moment the rebels broke. Flying in disorder, their exposed backs were a target for a fire until this moment reserved. At the crest of the last hill was posted the rebel reserve, who, as our men reached the line of fences and were breaking them down, opened a fire that sent to their long account too many of our gallant men. The 17th Iowa and 10th Missouri suffered principally at this point. Here the enemy could not stand, but joined the precipitate retreat of their advance. The guns of Dillon's battery had followed our charging troops in their advance, and were here speedily unlimbered, and one after the other, as they were brought in battery, opened with canister. Just at this moment General Crocker rode along the line of his advancing men, and was greeted with cheer upon cheer.

"The division of General Logan was advanced and disposed to the left and reserve. Just at this time General Sherman, who, with his corps, was advancing, three miles distant and to our right, opened a brisk fire with his artillery.

"General M'Pherson now steadily advanced his force, and occupied the enemy's works. Almost at the same time General Sherman's troops entered the town through the works, at some distance to the right, the division of General Tuttle forming his advance. The rebel cavalry was just leaving as the generals, with their escorts, dashed through the storm to the Capitol, over which was being raised the colors of the 59th Indiana, by Captain Cadle, of General Crocker's staff, and Captain Martin."

"DESTRUCTION OF THE RAILROAD AND REBEL STORES AT JACKSON, MISSISSIPPI.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
Jackson, Miss., *May* 15, 1863.

"The Army marched this morning toward Vicksburg, leaving the brigade of General Mower to destroy the property of the 'Rebel Government'—railroad, penitentiary, etc. While sketching the scene I could not but think of the sketches that I have sent to you of the devastation of the rebels on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the raid of Stuart into Chambersburg. At the moment we seem to have beaten the rebels at this their favorite performance."

"THE BATTLE OF CHAMPION'S HILL.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
Commanding 17th Corps Army Tennessee,
near Black River, *May* 17, 1863.

"The division of General Hovey being in advance, discovered the enemy in force, posted in excellent position upon the crest of a hill covered with forest and undergrowth. General Hovey deployed his division, that of General Logan forming upon his right. The line advanced, preceded by a heavy line of skirmishers, and was soon heavily engaged.

"The batteries of Captains Rogers and De Solyer opened with good effect. Captain Rogers's battery, posted in a good but exposed position, was soon charged upon; the enemy being severely repulsed by three regiments of Gen. John E. Smith's brigade and the guns of De Solyer's battery.

"An attempt to check our advance and flank our right was observed by General M'Pherson, who sent the brigade of General Stevenson and two batteries to meet it. After a short and sharp engagement, the fight at this time being severe along the whole line, General Stevenson charged with his brigade, driving the enemy and capturing their battery. The mass of the rebel troops seemed now to have been thrown against our left, and General Hovey, being forced to retire, was at once supported by General Crocker, who sent from his division two regiments of Colonel Sandborne's brigade, and the brigades of Colonels Boomer and Holmes. These troops held the rebels in check, and shortly advanced, driving the enemy, capturing 1600 prisoners and a battery.

"A general advance, now ordered by General Grant, who had been upon the field during the entire day, many times in exposed positions, found the enemy in full retreat toward Edwards's Dépôt, General M'Pherson sending in pursuit General Stevenson's brigade, with De Solyer's battery, followed by General Carr's division. In this retreat the rebels lost General Tighlman, killed by a shell.

"The enemy lost nearly two thousand prisoners and thirteen guns."

"THE FIGHT AT THE BLACK RIVER BRIDGE.

"Head-quarters of Major-General M'Pherson,
Commanding 17th Corps Army Tennessee,
Camp near Vicksburg, *May* 18, 1863.

"We had fought the battle of Champion's Hill, and at night lain down as tired as mortals ever are; yet the next day, finding the enemy, we, before dinner, captured his works, seventeen guns, and over two thousand prisoners.

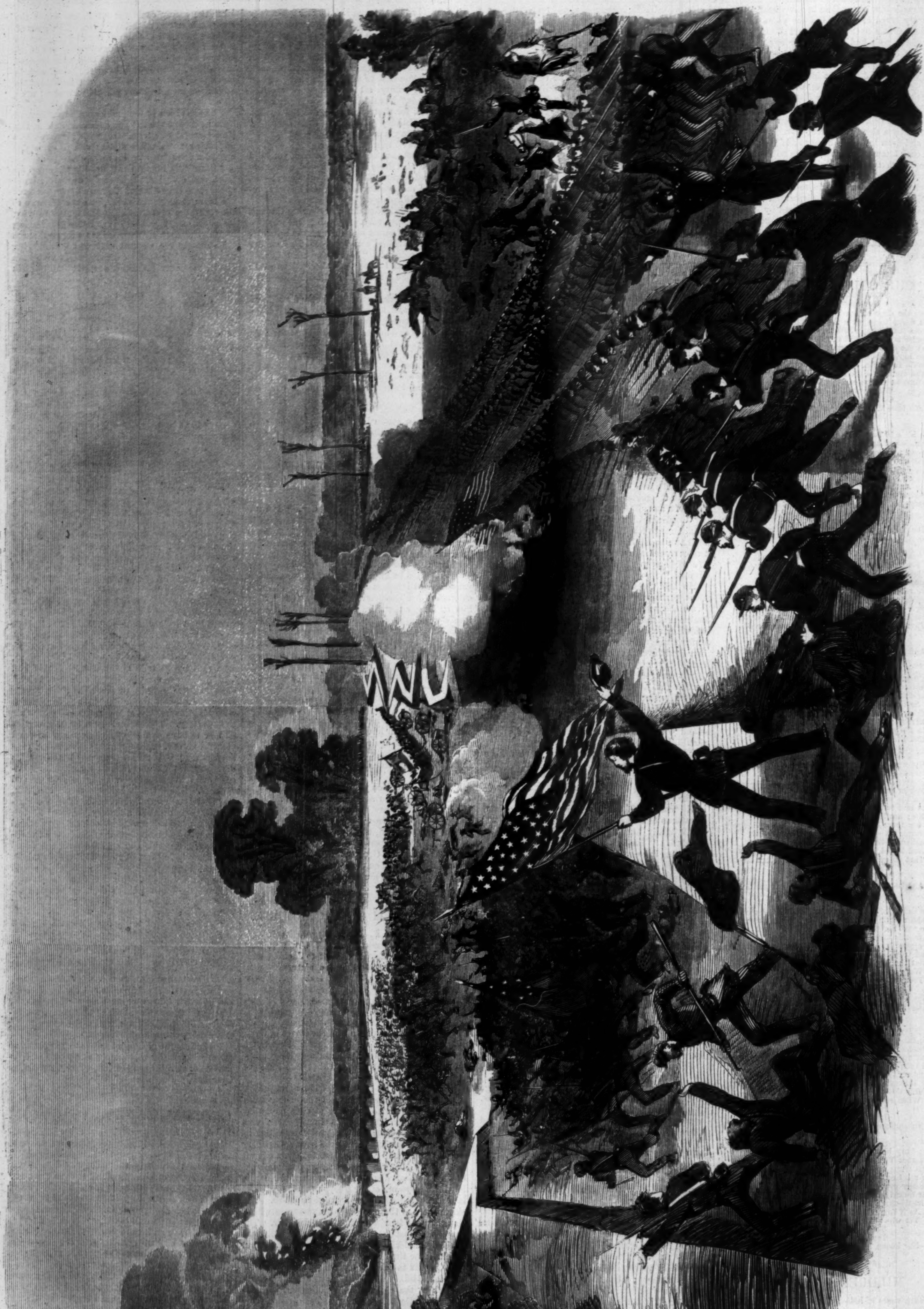
"The brigade of Colonel Lawler was ordered to advance upon the right, and the division of General A. J. Smith upon the left, which they did, as illustrated by my sketch."

GENERAL BANKS'S CAMPAIGN.

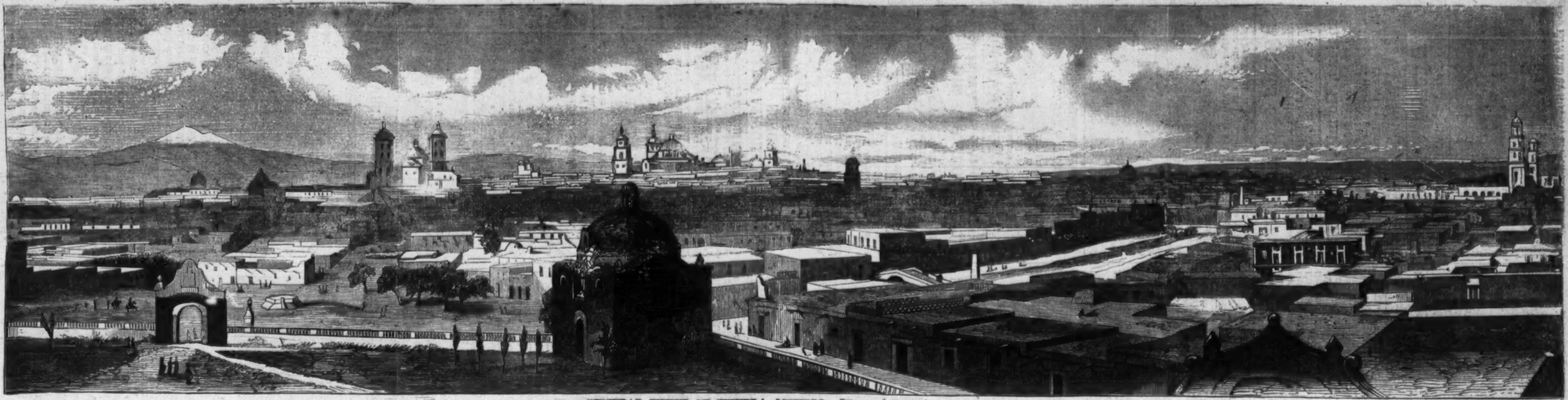
We publish on pages 388 and 389 two illustrations of General Banks's operations in Louisiana, from sketches by our special artist, Mr. Hamilton.

One of them shows us the Triumphal Entry of the Army of General Banks into the City of Alexandria, Louisiana, on 4th May, 1863. Alexandria was a very important point for the rebels to hold, being one of their dépôts of supplies from Texas and the Red River region, besides being the key to an important cotton and sugar raising section of country. Its fall, the immediate credit of which is due to the navy, was really occasioned by the successful operations of General Banks in the Opelousas country, and his entry into the city may therefore fairly be deemed triumphal.

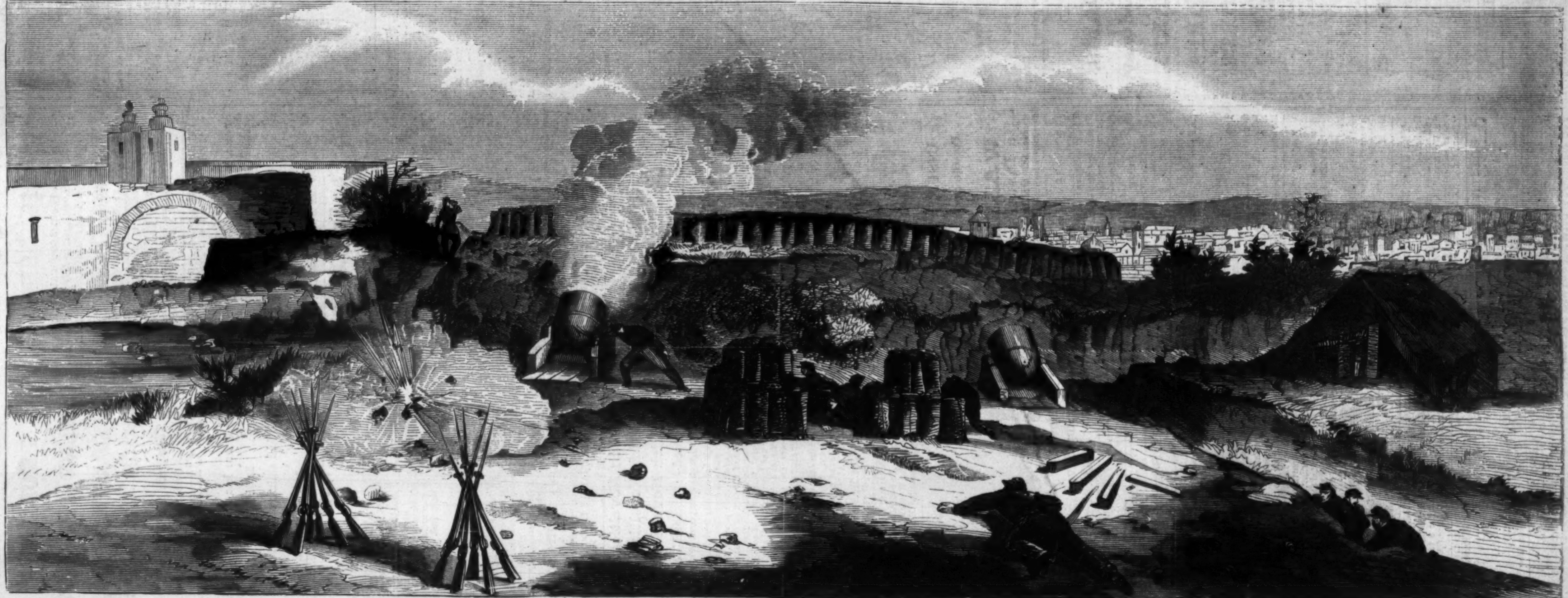
No time was lost by General Banks, however, in idle glorification. Alexandria having fallen, the troops were mustered for the assault of a much more formidable point—Port Hudson. Our illustration on page 389 shows the embarkation of part of his army at Simmesport on the Atchafalaya River, Louisiana, for Port Hudson, on 21st May, 1863. The transports *St. Maurice* and *Empire Parish* are receiving the soldiers and preparing to steam off under the guidance of their negro pilots. They have since disembarked the men, and we now know that the great tussle at Port Hudson has begun, fiercely and bloodily.



THE BATTLE OF BLACK RIVER BRIDGE, MAY 17, 1863.—SKETCHED BY MR. THEODORE R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 395.]



GENERAL VIEW OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[From A Photograph.]



THE FRENCH IN MEXICO—THE MORTAR BATTERY OPENING ON THE CITY OF PUEBLA, MEXICO.—[See Page 398.]

PUEBLA.

We publish on page 397 two pictures, from drawings by French artists: one showing the City of Puebla, or more correctly La Puebla, now besieged by the French; the other, one of the Mortar Batteries erected by the French to shell the place.

Puebla is a city of Mexico, distant about 84 miles from the City of Mexico, on the road from Vera Cruz to the capital. It is in a mountainous region, and surrounded by heights. The French under General Forey, with about 20,000 men, and assisted by the traitor Marquez, with 3000 or 4000 more, attacked Puebla on 21st March ult., and after several severe conflicts, succeeded in making themselves masters of some of the forts, while the Mexicans held the bulk of the city. The resistance was tenacious, and the slaughter great on both sides. Since the first attack both sides have received reinforcements, and the contest has been continued with varied success. Our latest advices are conflicting. A French account states that the city has fallen, and that Ortega surrendered with his entire army. On the other hand, Mexican reports of the same date represent the place as still holding out.

General Scott took Puebla with very little trouble.

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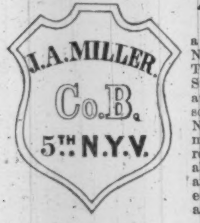
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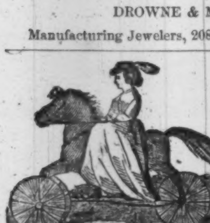

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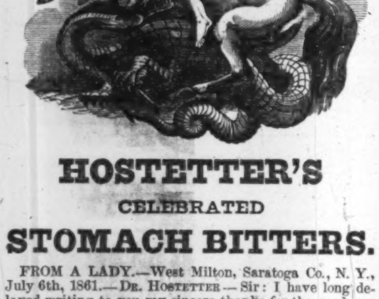

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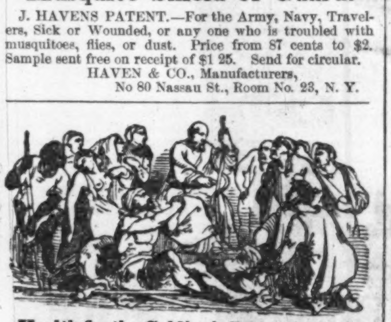

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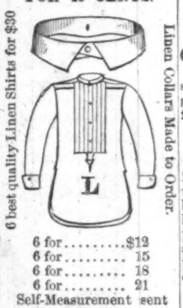

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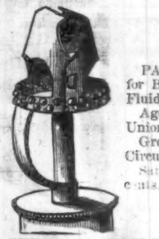

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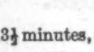
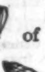
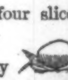
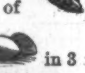
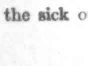
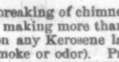
Will cook a  Steak (4 in. ⌐ ¾ in. thick,) in 13½ minutes, on a Coal Oil  at a cost of less than ¼ of ; make a  of T in 7 minutes; Toast four slices of  in 3 minutes; boil or fry  in 3 minutes; warm drinks, food, &c. for the sick or in 2½ minutes;

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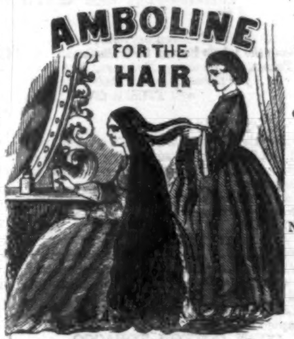

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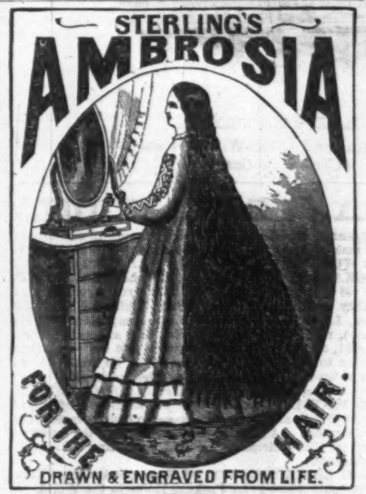
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